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WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. X, No. 2.

PAPERS RELATING TO THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE MARYLAND MISSION.

IV.—THE SUPPRESSION AND RESTORATION OF THE SOCIETY.

Bishop Richard Challoner, Vicar Apostolic of the London District, notifies[1] the Missionaries in Maryland and Pennsylvania of the Dissolution of the Society.—Oct. 6, 1773.

To Mess[rs] the Missioners in Maryland and Pensilvania.

Mess[rs]

To obey the orders I have received from above, I notify to you by this, the Breve, of the total dissolution of the Society of Jesus; and send withal a form of declaration of your obedience and submission; to which you are all desired to subscribe, as your brethren have done here; and send me back the formula with the subscriptions of you all, as I am to send them up to Rome.

Ever yours,

Oct. 6, 1773. RICHARD DEBOREN. V. Ap.

[1] The Brief of Suppression was ordered into execution in such a way that it was to take effect only when it had been communicated by the Bishop to the local Superiors within his jurisdiction. As the Mission of Maryland formed a part of the London District, it devolved upon Bishop Challoner to notify Father John Lewis, Superior in 1773, of the Suppression. After the

Appointment[1] *of Father Robert Molyneux as Superior in America—27th of June, 1805.*

Ego infrascriptus Episcopus Baltimorensis ex facultate mihi concessa ab Admodum R^do^ Patre Gabriele Gruber, Præposito Gen^li^ Soc^tis^ Jesu nomino et constituo R^m^ Dom: Robertum Molyneux, Sacerdotem, ejusdem renascentis Societatis Superiorem per fœderatæ Americæ regiones, ita ut prædictus D. Robertus Molyneux, post renovata pristina pia religionis vota coram testibus juxta modum ab admodum R. P. Generali præscriptum, jure possideat et exercere valeat omnem illam auctoritatem, quæ necessaria sit tum respectu Novitiorum, quam pro regendâ memoratâ Societate.

In quorum fidem has litteras consueto meo sigillo munivi et manu signavi hâc die 27^a^ Junii, an. 1805.

JOANNES, EP'US BALT^sis^.

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dissolution of the Society, Father Lewis was appointed Vicar-General, and continued to govern the Mission in America for the English Bishop, during the seven years of the Revolutionary struggle; as Bishop Carroll mentions in a narrative which has already appeared in these pages, the Bishop, during the whole of this period, held no kind of intercourse with priest or layman in this part of his charge. After the termination of the war, Father Lewis was unanimously chosen Superior at a meeting of the clergy of the Southern District of Maryland, held at Newtown, Sept. 23, 1783. At this meeting were present Benedict Neale, Ignatius Matthews, James Walton, Peter Morris, John Bolton, John Boarman and Augustin Jenkins; Mr. Matthews collected also the votes of Benjamin Roels and Leonard Neale, who were absent. The changed political status of the country, the enlarged religious freedom guaranteed by the constitutions of the several States, and the long-continued indifference of the Bishop, were sufficient reasons to inspire the assembled clergy to urge the appointment of an ecclesiastical Superior, who should reside in the country. A petition to this effect was addressed to the Holy See, and Fr. Carroll was appointed Superior in November, 1784; in 1790 he was consecrated first Bishop of Baltimore at Lulworth Castle, and in 1808 became first Archbishop of Baltimore.

[1] Bishops Carroll and Neale, in a letter dated May 25, 1803, begged Father Gruber to readmit into the Society the ex-Jesuits of Maryland. They stated that the property of the Society had been preserved intact, and that it was sufficient for the support of thirty religious. Their letter contains this remarkable passage of modesty and self-denial:

"We have been so much employed in ministries foreign to our institute; we are so inexperienced in government; the want of books, even of the con-

In the year of the Suppression, the Catalogue of England gives the number of Fathers in the Maryland Mission at twenty. The following list is made up from the Records preserved at Stonyhurst College:

NOMEN	ORTUS	INGRESSUS	GRADUS
John Ashton	1742	1759	
James Chamberlain	1739	1758	
Thomas Digges	1711	1729	1747
James Frambach	1723	1744	1760
Ferdinand Farmer	1705	1725	1743
Lucas Geisler	1735		1772
Robert Harding	1701	1722	
George Hunter	1713	1730	1748
John Lewis	1721	1740	1758
John Lucas	1740	1763	
Matthias Manners			
Ignatius Matthews	1730	1763	
Peter Morris	1743	1760	
Joseph Moseley	1731	1748	1765
Benedict Neale	1709	1728	1746
James Pellentz	1727	1744	1760
Lewis Roels	1732	1753	
Bernard Rich (Diderick)	1726	1745	
J. B. Ritter (de)			
James Walton	1736	1757	

stitutions and decrees of the congregations, is so flagrant, that you cannot find one Jesuit among us sufficiently qualified by health and strength, as well as other requisites, to fulfil the duties of Superior. It would seem, then, most expedient to send here some Father from those around you. He must know your intentions thoroughly, and be prudent enough to undertake nothing pre-

There are some inaccuracies in this list. Although the catalogue assigns Father Chamberlain to Maryland for this year, there is no record of his ever having come to the Mission. Oliver says of him: "Devoting himself to the painful mission of Demerara, he died there 1st March, 1779." Fr. Harding died at Philadelphia, 1st Sept., 1772. If we add the names of FF. Robert Molyneux and John Bolton, who arrived from Europe, March 20, 1771, the number (20) given in the catalogue as attached to the Mission will be made out. Directly after the Suppression, and before the breaking out of hostilities, the following Marylanders returned home from Europe:—

Anthony Carroll,
John Carroll,
John Boarman,
Sylvester Boarman,
Charles Sewall,
Augustin Jenkins.

After the war, in 1783, Fr. Leonard Neale arrived from Demerara, where he had been laboring on the Mission; in 1784, FF. Henry Pile and John Boone; in 1788, Father Francis Neale; in 1790, Father Charles Neale.

Nearly all of these had passed away before any attempt was made to resuscitate the Society in America. The following particulars are transcribed from a record which was kept by successive Superiors, under this heading: *A list of Missionaries who have died in Maryland since the First Settlement.*

1779. June 16. *Mr. George Hunter* died, in the sixty-seventh year of his age; a most pious and worthy Mis-

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cipitately before he has studied the government, laws and spirit of this republic, and the manners of the people."

There were then in Maryland only thirteen Jesuits, nearly all broken with age and missionary toils. Father Gruber at once authorized a renewal of their vows, and Fathers Robert Molyneux, Charles Neale, Charles Sewall and Sylvester Boarman availed themselves of the permission. Father Gruber had confidence enough in the American Jesuits to name Father Molyneux Superior. No visitor was sent from Europe, but there soon arrived in the United States Fathers Adam Britt, John Henry, F. Malevé, Anthony Kohlmann, Peter Epinette, Maximilian de Rantzau, Peter Malou and John Grassi. SHEA.—*The Catholic Church in the United States*, p. 73.

sioner. His remains lie interred at Porttobacco, by the side of Mr. John Kingdon and Mr. Leonards.

1783. Nov. 19. *Mr. Peter Morris* died at Newtown of an apoplexy.

1785. Feb. 3. Departed this life *Jo. Baptide Ritter*, at Cutchenhopen.

1786. *Mr. Luke Geisler* died at Conewago, Aug. 10.

Mr. Ferdinand Farmer died at Philadelphia, Aug. 17; universally regretted, and leaving behind him a most lively persuasion of his eminent sanctity.

1787. *Mr. Benedict Neale* died at Newtown, March 20.

Mr. Jos. Moseley died at St. Joseph's (which he first settled, and where he built house and chapel), June 3rd.

1788. *Rev. J. Lewis* (worthy Sup[r] of this Mission when the dissolution of the Society happened) died at Bohemia, March 24.

1790. *The Rev. Mr. Ignatius Matthews* died at Newtown. May 10.

1793. *Rev. Bernard Diderick* died at Notley Hall, July 5.

1794. *Rev. Mr. Lewis Roels* died at St. Thomas' on the 27th of February.

1795. *The Rev. Mr. James Frambach*, aged 73 years, died at St. Inigoes, of a bilious fever, on the 26th day of August.

Rev. Mr. John Boone died at St. Inigoes.

1797. *Rev. Mr. John Boarman* died at Newtown.

1800. *Rev. Augustin Jenkins* died at Newtown, Feb. 2, aged 53.

Rev. James Pellentz, a most amiable and venerable patriarch, died at Conewago, Feb. 18, aged about 77.

1803. *Rev. James Walton*, a very zealous and respectable Missioner, died at St. Inigoes, in St Mary's County, 19th Feb., 1803, aged about 65.

1805. *Rev. Thomas Digges*, aged 94, and the oldest surviving Jesuit of the English Province, died at Mellwood, Feb. 5.

Application of the Missionaries in Maryland in regard to the Institute of the Faith of Jesus.

St. Thomas' Manor,
near Port Tobacco,
November 23d, 1800.

Reverend and Dear Sir,

Knowing your desire of the reëstablishment of the Society of Jesus, and of our one day being reünited as Brethren under the Institute of our Holy Founder, St. Ignatius, we address you on this important subject.

The time seems now to be at hand for the accomplishment of our wishes, since our Society is, as we are informed, reëstablished in Europe. We have seen a copy of a letter written to our R^t^ Rev^d^ Bishop by the Rev^d^ Fathers De Broglie and Rozaven. They inform him that Pope Pius the 6th and his Successor have approved *vivâ voce the Society of the Faith of Jesus;* that they and their associates have entirely adopted the Constitution of our Holy Father, and that some of their members, with the consent of our Bishop, would be sent to America. We have also seen a paper entitled "An Account of the Establishment of the Institute of the Faith of Jesus," by Father Halnat, one of the first companions of Father Paccanari. From this and other documents before us, it appears to us that the Society of Jesus, founded by St. Ignatius, is most wonderfully reëstablished by the Divine Providence. But, as we must suppose that you are better acquainted with this important affair than we in America, we beg you will give us your opinion of it, and let us know whether any steps have been, or probably will be taken by our Brethren in England towards an union with the members of the resuscitated Society, now governed by the Holy Superior, Father Paccanari, whom it seems Providence has raised up for His future glorious and merciful designs.

We, the undersigned, are met here to consider on this important subject. Our other Brethren have not been able

to attend, yet we have little doubt of their sincere concurrence.

Being further informed that our R^t^ Rev^d^ Bishop has written for three or four members of the Society, and his Coadjutor two more, to come to America, on their arrival we have no doubt but that they will meet with a hearty welcome among us, and everything fully adjusted to our mutual satisfaction.

AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM.

We wish you to communicate the above to the RR. Fathers De Broglie and Rozaven, SS. S. F. J.

With much respect we are, Rev^d^ Sir,

Your affectionate Brethren in X^to^,

Robert Molyneux—Joseph Doyne—John Bolton—Henry Pile—Charles Sewall—Sylvester Boarman—Chas. Neale.

LETTERS OF BISHOP CARROLL.

To Mr. Charles Plowden, at Stonyhurst, near Blackburne, Lancashire.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 15, 1800.

DEAR SIR,

Since the receipt of your last, as I probably mentioned to you in mine, I received and answered a letter from London, sent to me by Mess^rs^ De Broglie and Rozaven. They gave the outlines of their Institute, and its acceptance by the late and present Pope. I can entertain no doubt of the zeal and sound principles of this new body of recruits to the Church, of which I have heard much from other quarters; and therefore have requested them to send two of their Society to this country, where they will learn, in the space of a few months, much more concerning the probability and means of forming establishments here than can be learned by twenty letters. Their plan is, I hope, the work of God, *tho they have in one point departed from St. Ignatius*, viz: that of engrafting on their institution a new order of nuns, to be under the government of the Superiors

of their own Society. I should be glad to hear of the manner of their reception in England, and success there.

Mr. Stone, to whom I send my best respects, will receive a letter signed by some of our Brethren, amongst whom is D^nus^ Doyne, concerning this application to me from these two Delegates of the Society of the Faith of Jesus. They (our Brethren) met together without a general consent of the rest of us, and full of zeal for the reëstablishment of the Society, have written as if that happy event were already effected; and I have since seen a letter from one of those who attended that meeting, in which to the signature of his name, he adds the words Soc. J. This is going too fast for one who subscribed his submission to the operation of the destructive Brief. In mine to MM. Broglie and Rozaven, at the request of the Presdt. of G. Town College, I solicited them to send, if they could, a capable professor of philosophy, logic and naturals, and who should know English, referring them to Mr. Stone, thro Mr. Strickland.

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✠J., B^p^ of Balt^re^

P. S. * * * * * *

In the former part of this letter, I mentioned slightly my having heard tidings relative to a revival of the Society. I beg you to send me, as early as possible, all the authentic information on this subject of which you are in possession.

* * * * *

To Mr. Charles Plowden, at Stonyhurst, near Clithero, Lancashire.

Baltimore, Feb. 12, 1803.

* * * * * *

Some members of the Society of the F. of J. have been long expected, not in consequence of any late letter to me from MM. Rozaven and Broglie (for they have not answered my last, written twelve months ago), but of advices sent to me by l'Abbé Gouppy, once your correspondent, from the Abbey of Holthausen, in Westphalia. He prom-

ised that four would be here before the winter; and never were good priests more wanted. One of their body is now here, *Romano di nascita*, his name, Zocchi. He went from England to Canada, but the rigor of government there allows not of any Catholic clergymen settling in it; he therefore came hither; but, being of a narrow understanding, he does nothing but pine for the arrival of his brethren, and in the meantime will undertake no service. From this sample of the new Order, I am induced to believe that they are very little instructed in the maxims or institute of our venerable mother, the Society. Tho they profess to have no other rules than ours, he seems to me to know nothing of the structure of our Society, nor even to have read the *Regulæ Communes*, which our very novices know almost by heart. * * * * * *

✝J., B. of B.

To Mr. William Strickland, at Thos. Wright's, Esq., & Co., Bankers, London.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4, 1804.

HOND. AND REV. SIR,

I have before me your favor of May 7th. After condoling with you on the loss of your amiable companion and friend, Mr. Meynell, whom you do not indeed mention, but of whose death I have been otherwise advised, I request you in the first place to return for answer to Fr. Gruber that I have not yet received my letter from him, and that one is expected impatiently by many of our Brethren. But even when his answer arrives, unless it presents the reëstablishment of the Society in a view different from any that I have yet seen, it will, in my opinion, be very unsafe to enter into any engagement in it; at least, so as to divest one's self of the means of living independent, if after abdicating one's property, another Pope should declare the reestablishment, in virtue of mere verbal grants, void and contrary to Ecclesiastical institutions; and especially so in

countries where it had been abolished in virtue of a Brief, accepted and intimated by the first pastors, and submitted to expressly, though most unwillingly, by the members of the Society then living. But if the members of the Society, before their profession, do not abdicate their property, they will not be truly religious, nor most assuredly Jesuits, according to the standard of St. Ignatius. I cannot even conceive how there can be any *professio quatuor votorum*, in the present state of things, for reasons which it is unnecessary to mention to any one, who, like you, remember the principles of our Theology concerning the difference between the indissolubility of solemn and simple vows. However, I hope sincerely that the Pope will soon be so unfettered as to be able to issue in full and authentic form a Bull or Brief for the reëstablishment. In this hope I am encouraged by a letter from Rome, received since I wrote the first lines of this, and the more so, as it does not come from one of our former Brethren, who are easily led to hope what they ardently wish, but from a Dominican of note and character there, Fr. Concanen. You mention Fr. Angiolini's mission to Naples only as a rumor, of which you expected a confirmation; but Fr. Concanen says positively that he was lately come from Rome to that city to settle the four houses granted by the King to the Jesuits; that an edict had been issued there in 1787, withdrawing all Regulars from any subjection to Generals or Superiors living out of the Kingdom; that Angiolini insisted on the necessity of preserving the Institute inviolate, and consequently of the Jesuits recognizing Fr. Gruber for their Superior, and that it was believed he would succeed in obtaining a revocation of the decree, which would be of the greatest benefit, not only to his own, but all other Religious Orders.

I am come during the heats to spend a month with my friends at and near Washington City, and in my way called to see the venerable dean of our English Province, Father Thomas Digges, aged 94. His health is good, tho he is almost blind, and his memory far gone, yet tolerably accurate with respect to past transactions. His delight is to

converse on the men of other times, the FF. Carteret, Roels, Walmesley, Scarisbrick, Beeston, Browne, Lawson, Mr. Thomas Lawson's uncle, &c., &c.

Several young men here are ready to enter into the Novitiate, as soon as the Society and houses are organized for the purpose; but we are wretchedly provided with experienced and fit members to train and form them.

I am, with great esteem, Rev. and Hon'd. Sir,

Your most obed^{t} S^{t},

✠ J., Bis^{hp} of Balt^{re}.

To Mr. Charles Plowden, Stonyhurst.

Baltimore, Dec. 7, 1804.

My Dear Sir,

Our correspondence, formerly so regular, has almost entirely ceased, but without any diminution of mutual friendship and regard; of this I am conscious on my side, and am sure of the same on yours. I have too much to do, and no assistance to carry me through my work—my correspondence is increased beyond bounds, and rests entirely for writing and copying on myself. You, I presume, are enjoying your solitude with your fervent N——s, to whom you must often recommend to remember the necessities of this Diocese in their prayers. But you ought not to bury yourself so entirely in retirement, as to withhold from me the information of your reëngagement in the Soc'y, and of your opinion of its stability. You know what has been done here for a similar reëngagement. I enclosed to Mr. Stone a letter for Fr. Gruber, carrying with it an expression of the wishes of many of our Brethren here; to which I have had no answer from either of them, tho Bishop Neale received a very unsatisfactory account of the situation of matters from Mr. Stone. I say unsatisfactory, because it gives no assurance of the issuing of any Decree or Apostolic Constitution for the reëstablishment, but only of private allowance, *vivâ voce*. I shall blame none for relying enough on this to renew their engagements; but I would

neither trust to it myself, nor advise others to do so; in which opinion I am confirmed the more by knowing that His Holiness either will not or dares not to exert authority enough to prevent Card[l] Borgia from writing such a letter to your V. V. A. A., as is mentioned by Mr. Stone. It is rather surprising that no answer is received from Fr. Gruber. Mr. Strickland informed me by one of July last that the answer had been sent to Mr. Stone to be forwarded to me, and Mr. Stone says to Mr. Neale that it was sent to Mr. Strickland. Besides the former members, several young men now in Divinity, and others ready to commence it, would engage in the Society, if it had a solid foundation. But so much mystery has been made of all proceedings concerning it, that every one is full of distrust, to which the general state of religion, and the influence enjoyed by its greatest foes, contributes in great measure.

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Your brother Robert does me the favor of writing now and then. His account of your Br. Francis's History of Ireland gives me a desire of reading it, and we expect to receive it soon for our library. Dr. Troy sent to me his postliminious preface. There is much anecdote in it, but from the circumstances related by him, and others, which have come to my knowledge, there is no great hope of a restoration to the Irish Catholics of their political rights. Robert is not pleased with the secrecy which prevails with your principal people in the transactions relative to the Society. In general, I do not approve of the system of conducting, without any communication, the affairs concerning so small a body as the remnant of the Society in England; but at the same time, it is reasonable to suppose that there is good cause for it, and it would be very rash for any one, at my distance, to blame a conduct of which he cannot know the motives. Your brother's sound sense, great virtue, and steady attachment to the Society, are a sure warrant of his acting on principle, and I have no doubt of others acting equally so, tho they agree not on the means. My greatest objection to a dependance on a vivæ vocis

oraculum (a phrase unknown for many centuries) is that it gives no stability to a Religious Order; that it cannot abrogate a public and acknowledged instrument, such as the Brief of destruction; and that without a public Bull of approbation of the Institute, the distinction of simple and solemn vows, so essential to the Society, does not exist, according to the doctrine of our Divines, after Suarez.

I am, D^r^ Sir, Y^rs^, &c.,

✠J., B. of B.

To the same.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 10, 1808.

MY MUCH HON'D. AND DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

It is no excuse for me to cast the blame on your good old friend Robert,[1] for not acknowledging, as Superior of the Society, his receiving the lucubrations of old Fr. Lawson, through your goodness. They arrived safe, and probably supply in some degree that want of information under which Mr. Francis Neale must labor, with respect to the institution of young men in the spirit of the Society. Luckily, another supplement to his deficiency is furnished by the arrival of Father Kohlmann from Russia, who was sent to be Professor of Philosophy at George Town, but is chiefly employed as Master of Novices.[2] Why our good friend Molyneux leaves Mr. Fr. Neale in possession of the title can only be accounted for by the reluctance of Fr.

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[1] Father Robert Molyneux, first Superior in America, after the Restoration of the Society.

[2] Fr. Kohlmann writes to Fr. Strickland from Georgetown, Feb. 23, 1807. "God has sent us a number of young men to be, as it were, the corner-stones of the Society in this new world. They are twelve in number, viz: eight Scholastics (four of whom are in theology and four in philosophy) and four Coadj. Temp. The Novitiate is in a house separated from the College, but not far from it. Fr. Francis Neale is Master of Novices, and I am his *Socius*. Fr. Charles Neale resides with his holy Carmelites. Fr. Britt is in a German congregation at Philadelphia. FF. Henry and Malevé are engaged on the missions, and are busy learning English. P. Epinette is at the College, and teaches Latin to several candidates for the Society. Our worthy Father Pro-

Superior to undertake the *arduous labor* of making any alteration. There are, at least, ten Novitii Scholastici, and three or four lay brothers, and amongst the former some youths of distinguished talents. There would be no doubt of the Society acquiring stability in the U. States, and of becoming eminently useful to them, if its support from the head of the Church had more authenticity. A verbal authorization only is so easily denied, or repealed by his successor, that it affords no security to those who renounce all their worldly means of support under the hope of finding repose and necessaries in the bosom of a religious state. I am sure that I never wrote anything stronger to D^r^. Betagh than this; and to this he must have alluded, by speaking, as you informed me, of my correspondence with him. Tho I shall always fear while the reëstablishment rests upon its present foundation, yet others here feel more confidence, and proceed with a publicity scarcely reconcilable with the wise and earnest recommendations of the General, who establishes as a principle, that out of Russia, individuals may be associated to the Jesuits there, but cannot coalesce into a body in other countries without an authentic instrument from the Pope. So, at least, I understand his letter, and it perplexes me to account precisely for your situation in England. It is now some time (more than sixteen months) since I applied to Rome for a Brief of His Holiness to authorize the reëstablishment in this country; but no answer is yet received.

The College of G. Town is not flourishing by the number of its students, but very much so by the discipline and piety there prevailing. The novitiate for the present is contiguous to it, but will probably be removed elsewhere, if it please God to grant a more solid foundation to the permanence of the Society.

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vincial, Rev. Fr. Molyneux, resides at the Novitiate, and has the confidence and affection of all by his kindness of heart and good humor. Our Novices give catechism twice a week in the parish, and I do the same on Sundays and Festivals, and our good Lord is pleased to bless these labors, because whereas, formerly seven or eight children at most used to attend the instructions, now there are more than eighty, and amongst them some Protestants and grown persons."

To Rev. Mr. William Strickland, No. 11 Poland Street, London.

BALT^re^, April 2^nd^, 1808.

RESPECTED AND DEAR SIR,

I am the more particular in answering your last favor of Dec. 11, 1807, as you expressed a solicitude to that effect; perhaps principally on account of the letter from Petersburg, which was enclosed in yours. Probably Mr. Kohlmann will likewise acknowledge its receipt, but it would be better if this were done by an opportunity different from the present; as it would double the chance of your hearing from America, from whence it will be difficult to obtain any conveyance of letters, as long as our trade and navigation are fettered by an embargo. Your picture of the state of the Society is not flattering to purely human observers. The catastrophe at Naples and Augsburg, and the alliance between France and Russia, excite serious fears. The anguish which I felt at the dissolution in 1773 is yet fresh in my remembrance; and so many young men were deranged and disappointed in the plans for their whole lives, that I earnestly beg of heaven not to suffer a renewal of those bitter days.[1] Having these impressions on my mind, I hardly

[1] Upon the subject of the final suppression of the Society of Jesus, Mr. Carroll thus writes, under date of Bruges, September 11, 1773:

"I this day received a few lines from Daniel, of July 15, in which he complains with much reason of my long silence. My mind is at present too full of other things to make any apology. After spending part of the autumn of 1772 at Naples and its environs, we returned to pass the winter at Rome, where I stayed till the end of March, from thence came to Florence, Genoa, Turin, Lyons, Paris, and so to Liege and Bruges. I was willing to accept of the vacant post of prefect of the sodality here, after consigning Mr. Stourton into his father's hands about two months ago, that I might enjoy some retirement, and consider well in the presence of God the disposition I found myself in of going to join my relatives in Maryland, and in case that disposition continued, to get out next spring. But now all room for deliberation seems to be over. The enemies of the Society, and above all the unrelenting perseverance of the Spanish and Portuguese Ministries, with the passiveness of the Court of Vienna, has at length obtained their ends: and our so long persecuted, and I must add, holy Society is no more. God's holy will be done, and may

dare encourage any, who consult me, to enter into the awful

His name be blessed for ever and ever! This fatal stroke was struck on the 21st of July, but was kept secret at Rome till the 16th of August, and was only made known to us on the 5th of September. I am not, and perhaps never shall be, recovered from the shock of this dreadful intelligence. The greatest blessing which in my estimation I could receive from God, would be immediate death: but if He deny me this, may His holy and adorable designs on me be wholly fulfilled. Is it possible that Divine Providence should permit to such an end, a body wholly devoted, and I will still aver, with the most disinterested charity, in procuring every comfort and advantage to their neighbors, whether by preaching, teaching, catechizing, missions, visiting hospitals, prisons, and every other function of spiritual and corporal mercy? Such I have beheld it in every part of my travels, the first of all ecclesiastical bodies in the esteem and confidence of the faithful, and certainly the most laborious. What will become of our flourishing congregations with you, and those cultivated by the German Fathers? These reflections crowd so fast upon me that I almost lose my senses. But I will endeavor to suppress them for a few moments. You see that I am now my own master, and left to my own direction. In returning to Maryland I shall not only have the comfort of being with you, but of being farther out of the reach of scandal and defamation, and removed from the scenes of distress of many of my dearest friends, whom God knows, I shall not be able to relieve. I shall, therefore, most certainly sail for Maryland early next spring, if I possibly can."

Speaking of his apprehensions of a fatal combination against the society of which he was so zealous and attached a member, he makes the following remarks in an earlier letter from Bruges to his brother:

"Before you receive this letter you will have heard of the Pope's death; in human appearance, nothing could have happened more unfortunate to us, especially in the critical moment when an answer was to have been given to the memorials of three united courts of the family compact, France, Spain and Naples, requiring the immediate dissolution of the Society. His Holiness had minuted the heads of the answer he intended to make in a few days, and had delivered it to his ministers to be put into the due form. The substance of it was, that no worldly consideration, no loss of temporalities, should ever force him into any measure which he could not justify to his own conscience: that the more he saw and knew of the Jesuits, the more he was convinced of their eminent services to religion, and of the falsehood of the imputations charged upon them: that he could not therefore acquiesce in the proposal made him by the allied courts. The answer entered into a much larger detail than I here mention, and would have been a glorious testimony of His Holiness' esteem and affection for the Society. How matters will go on in the conclave, and after the election of the new Pope, Heaven knows. Humanly speaking, we have everything to dread from the combination formed against us; yet, when I reflect on the atrocious falsehoods, injustices, cruelties and mean artifices employed against us, I greatly confide that God's providence will not permit our dissolution to be effected by such wicked means. I know His kingdom is not of this world, and that they who seek to do His divine will, and promote His glory, are not to expect a visible interposition in their favor on every occasion, or to receive in this life an apparent testimony of innocence and divine approbation." BRENT — *Biography of Archbishop Carroll*, pp. 25–29.

engagements of a religious life, especially whilst in this country, its existence has no other canonical sanction (if it ever be canonical) than a verbal one. But, tho I dare not encourage any, yet it is highly gratifying to observe the magnanimous reliance of many young men on the protection of heaven. The threatening dangers of the Society are not concealed from the postulants for, or novices in it. Honest and plain dealing requires, that particularly the latter, before their vows, should know the real state of the body with which they intend to be united, but there is no instance of any one having recoiled of that account. There are at present at G. Town, eleven, I think, of Nov. Scholastici, and three Coadj. temporales, the last very valuable men, and amongst the former some young men of brilliant talents.

Since the receipt of your letter of Dec. 11, of last year, I was informed of two boxes directed to me, having been for a long time in the Custom House. Enquiry being made, they were found, opened and examined. One has three copies of the *Constitutiones Soc. Jesu*, and a letter from you dated July 11, 1806. * * * * Besides Messrs. Britt, Henry, Epinette, Kohlmann and Malevé, we have received from Flanders (now novices) two most excellent priests, Messrs. Beschter and Wouters; but it is to be feared that the troubles in Europe, especially between England and Russia, will delay the arrival of further supplies promised by the General.

Be assured, my Dr. Sir, of the esteem
and respect of Yr. m. h. S^{t}.,
✠ J., Bis^{p} of B^{re}.

In another letter to Fr. Wm. Strickland, under the date of Dec. 3, 1808, after speaking of the Bishops appointed to the new Sees of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Bardstown, he goes on to mention that he had requested the Dominican Father Concanen, Bishop elect of Philadelphia, who was then at Rome, "to feel the pulse there, and see if a Brief might not be obtained, granting to this country

authenticity and solidity to that establishment, for which you have labored so long, without obtaining the desired sanction. His letters from Leghorn say, that besides the authentic documents above mentioned, he has special communications to make to me, which assurance excites some hopes of success. As there is not this year any course of Philosophy at G. Town, I have sent Mr. Kohlmann to N. York, where a zealous pastor was much wanted, and he is accompanied with a countryman of my own, lately ordained and out of his novitiate, of great promise,[1] and with four Scholastici, who have begun a school,[2] from which much good is expected. It is to be feared that we shall not keep Mr. Molyneux long: my last advices are that he is menaced with a dropsy; if so, considering his age and drooping health, he will probably fall a victim to that unsparing ailment."

To Mr. Charles Plowden, Stonyhurst, near Clitheroe.

BALT^re^, Feb. 21st, 1809.

MY DEAR SIR,

About the beginning of last December I advised you of the apprehension I was then under, of daily hearing of the death of our old, good, and much respected friend, Mr. Robert Molyneux, which event took place at George Town on the 9th of that month, after his being prepared by a life

[1] Benedict J. Fenwick, ordained March 12, 1808, by Bishop Neale. FF. Spink, Enoch Fenwick and Leonard Edelin were ordained at the same time. They were the first members of the Society elevated to the priesthood in the United States.

[2] Father Kohlmann writes to Father Strickland from New York, 14 September, 1810: "The College is on the following footing: Rev. Father Bened. Fenwick, an excellent scholar, has resided in it these two months, but I find by experience that to attend to about fourteen thousand souls is too heavy a work for one man, and so he will probably live again in the city, and visit the College once a week. I generally come out on Saturday to hear confessions, &c., &c. There lives also in the College a Spanish priest, who speaks also Italian, but little English, a man of good morals, and much beloved by the pupils. Brother Wallace, a Scholastic of the Society, is our Master of Mathematics, one of the ablest in the United States. Br. White, Scholastic also of the Society, is Professor of the English, Latin and Greek tongues, with which he is well acquainted."

of candor, virtue and innocence, and by all those helps which are mercifully ordained for the comfort and advantage of departing Christians. Not only your charity, but your friendship for him, with whom you passed so many cheerful and happy days of your life, will induce you to recommend very often his soul to the Father of mercies. He was my oldest friend, after my relation and companion to St. Omers in my childhood, Mr. Chas. Carroll of Carrollton, remaining amongst us, as he often and feelingly reminded me the last time I saw him, in the month of September, with very slender hopes of meeting more in this world.[1] R. I. P. No successor in the presidency of the College is yet appointed. Previous to his death, in consequence of powers vested in him by the proper authority, he had appointed Mr. Chas. Neale to be the Superior of the body lately revived amongst us. * * * *

✠J., Bis^{p} of B^{re}.

New York, Nov. 21, 1813.

Rev. and Hon'd Sir,[2]

The enclosed letters are for the Very Rev. Fr. Grüber, Gen'l of the Society. One of them is the duplicate of

[1] In a letter of September 19, 1809, Bishop Carroll speaks of the death of Father Bolton: "I am sorry to inform you that another of my, and indeed your, contemporaries, tho some years older, has dropped off. Our honest and worthy Brother, the Rev. Mr. John Bolton, departed this life on the 9th of this month, in a most religious and placid manner. With moderate abilities, but an excellent will to fulfil the duties of his calling, he consecrated his days to them, always with punctuality and cheerfulness, winning the affection of his congregation wherever he lived, and never making an enemy. His sickness did not last more than a week; it was contracted in the service of his neighbor, whom he visited and watched over till near midnight; and, in order to be in time at his chapel the next day (Sunday), left him with a profuse perspiration to expose himself to a noxious dew, which brought on the fever that terminated his existence, after receiving most calmly and piously all the rites of the Church. Let our Brethren know of his death. It happened at one of our houses, called Newtown, in St. Mary's County."

He adds in the same letter: "I had placed at New York two priests of the Society, Messrs. Kohlmann and Benedict Fenwick, with four Scholastics, who have already produced most happy fruits, by introducing exercises of piety, sodalities, establishing an extensive academy, &c."

[2] This letter is without superscription. It was probably addressed to Fr. John Weld, Rector of Stonyhurst, who entered on office in January, 1813.

another written in May last, to which no answer is yet received; and, fearful of miscarriage by the way of Hamburg, to which the first copy was to have been sent, I take the liberty of enclosing these to you, and requesting the General to send his answer through you. This I was induced to do, after hearing of the station in which you are placed, and chosen by Providence, as it may reasonably be hoped, to revive the spirit and renew the usefulness of the Society. The letters inclosed express the wishes of some of our former Brethren, and of several others, priests and non-priests, to be readmitted and first admitted into it. Being here on a visitation, I have only time to add, that the vessel is sailing, that I hope you will charge the postage on this and similar occasions to my account with Thos. Wright & Co., and assure MM. Plowden, Semmes, Spencer and all my other acquaintances, of my continued respect and attachment. To Mr. Plowden I shall write soon, and shall always remain,

Rev'd and Hon'd Sir,

Your most obedient Serv't and B^r^ in X^to^,

✠ JOHN, Bis^p^ of Balt^re^.

P. S.—Rev. Mr. Joseph Doyne died October 28th, of this year.

To Rev. Mr. Charles Plowden, Stonyhurst.

Dec. 12, 1813.

MOST DEAR AND EVER RESPECTED FRIEND,

* * * * * * * * Mr. Grassi has revived the College of G. Town, which has received great improvements in the number of students and course of studies. His predecessor, with the same good intentions, had no ability for his station, and was nominated by a strange combination. There are, I think, some nine or ten novices, under a Fr. Beschter of Flanders, a very holy man, but one in whom the want of a regular education in the Society is very discernible. Fr. Kohlmann, with his companions at New York, has done much for Religion, and their little

College would do well, too, if it could be supplied with proper teachers. Mr. Kohlmann is unwilling to receive any but the members of his body; and there are too few to supply that place and G. Town; so that if he persists in his resolution, his institution must be dissolved. The Seminary here of St. Sulpice feels now the effects of departing from their original destination and the spirit of their Society, which is the education of young ecclesiastics only. They would go on the plan of forming a college for promiscuous and ornamental education. A priest of great talents, but delighting more in brilliancy than solidity, carried it on with much apparent success and splendor for a few years; but the consequence was an enormous debt, which has almost ruined both college and Seminary; a most deplorable event—for truly a more exemplary and worthy company of ecclesiastics nowhere exists.

We can gain no access to, or receive any communication from our H. F.; tho it is extremely necessary at this time. The Society is here, as with you, without that establishment which would serve to tranquillize my conscience; you will know more of this from mine to Mr. Stone.

Mr. Kohlmann will inform you of a decision in a Court at N. Y., by which it was decreed that a Catholic priest cannot be required to testify to anything which he could know only by Confession.[1] This is contrary to the determination in Ireland, in the case of Father Gahan about Lord Dunboyne's will.

✠ J., A^{bp}. B^{re}.

[1] Fr. Kohlmann was summoned as a witness in regard to property stolen from a party named Keating, who had given information of his loss to the police; meantime, by means of the confessional, P. Kohlmann had restored the goods to the owner, and when called to testify, demurred because of the seal of Confession, respectfully stating his reasons. The District Attorney was about to enter a Nol. Pros., but the trustees of St. Peter's Church (of which Father Kohlmann was Pastor) requested him to argue the case, so that it might be settled legally once for all. This was done. Riker and Sampson made powerful pleas for the exemption. De Witt Clinton, who was then (1813) Mayor of New York, made a good summing up, and, although all connected with the decision of the question seem to have been Protestants, it was unanimously declared that a priest should not be compelled to testify in such a case.

To the Rev. Marmaduke Stone, Stonyhurst.

Jan. 31, 1814.

Rev. and Respected Sir,

At the time of receiving the last letter from my venerable friend, Mr. Strickland, begun by him, and, in consequence of his illness, finished by you, hostilities broke out between our two countries, and rendered the conveyance of letters so uncertain, that I did not presume to answer you on the interesting subject, on which you did me the honor to ask my opinion. On the subject, about which you were pleased to advise with me, I presume that our friends in England are precisely in the same state as we are here; that is, that nothing has been done for annulling and repealing the destroying Brief of Clement XIV., with equal authority, publicity and authenticity, as was given to that Pontiff's act, which had its full execution in all countries where it was published. Even the members of the Society, and namely those at Liege, in Flanders, in England, and here, entered their free, tho certainly reluctant submission to it. Reviewing the severe injunctions contained in the Brief, the censures on the Ordinaries who allow, and the individuals who attempt its violation, it seems to me, that without a derogation from it by an act of equal authority, and quite as authentic, those who, with you and us, bind themselves by vow to live under the obedience of the General in Russia, and to conform to the rules of the Society, will not, nor can be a religious body, or enjoy the privileges of such. Their sacrifice is highly meritorious before God, but in the face of the Church, those who enter into orders, and those who are already in them, must be subject to the general discipline as to their title for ordination; and be, as secular priests, under the authority of the Bishop. This has been declared by Fr. Czerniewicz, in his letter to Mr. J. Howard at Liege, and by Fr. Grüber and the present General in their communications to me, copies of which would now be forwarded if I were not confident that you have received

such already. Tho these restraints diminish much the usefulness of our dear Brethren, and may discourage some from making the sacrifice mentioned above, yet it is a misfortune to which submission is due, as long as it pleases God to keep us under it, which I trust will not be long. This matter has often engaged my very serious attention, and caused me to refer to the authorities of the ablest Divines, from whom many extracts were occasionally made to aid my judgment. I have sometimes hoped that these researches would lead to a different conclusion; but I am sorry to say that they all ended in confirming the opinion already expressed. Wherever the Brief was executed, the Society was extinguished; and to revive it, the same authority was requisite as for the creation and approbation of a new Order. In Russian Poland, the Brief was not executed; for the Kingdom of the two Sicilies, it has been annulled by the competent authority. But where such authority has not been authentically exercised, I cannot reconcile with the doctrine of our Divines, how the difference between simple and solemn vows can be established; how any who embrace the Society here or in England can be Professi 4 Votorum; and, consequently, how the Society can exist unless there be Professed Fathers. What must then be the meaning of that part of the first vows, *promitto eamdem Societatem me ingressurum*, etc.? With these impressions on my mind, and the recollection of the solemn orders of His Holiness, contained in the brief for my consecration, the erection of this and other Episcopal Sees in the United States, my obligation to be subject to the commands of the Cong. de Propapanda Fide, etc., I never could persuade myself that our young men, who associate themselves to the Society, can be admitted to Orders, *Titulo Religionis:* they are ordained *Titulo Missionis*, under the authority of the Ordinary.[1] As long as I and my Coadjutor,

[1] In a letter to Fr. Plowden, Feb. 3, 1814, he says on this matter: "I have written a long letter to the Rev. Mr. Stone, on a subject of much moment to the persons principally concerned, that is, to those who have associated themselves to the Society in England. He will probably communicate to you my observations; and it will give me much satisfaction to have my opinions dis-

Bishop Neale, continue alive, there will be little or no inconvenience, for we shall always act in harmony with the Superiors of the Society; but in England, I am sensible that this must be a disagreeable situation. * * * *

I am, most respected Sir,

Yr most obedt St,

Balt., Jan. 31, 1814. ✠ J., Abp of Bre

To the same (on hearing the news of the restoration).

Jan. 5, 1815.

My Dear and Respected Sir,

Your most precious and grateful favor of Oct. 8th, accompanied by a Bull of restoration, was received early in December, and diffused the greatest sensation of joy and thanksgiving, not only amongst the surviving and new members of the Society, but also all good Christians who have any remembrance of their services, or heard of their unjust and cruel treatment, and have witnessed the consequences of their Suppression; but your letter of Sept. 27, to which you refer, has not been received, nor any other copy of the Bull, nor a scrip of paper from Rome since the Pope's delivery, tho I have written by various ways, and the last time enclosed my letters to the Nuncio at Paris.

You, who know Rome, may conceive my sensations when I read the account transmitted in your most pleasing letter, of the celebration of Mass by His Holiness himself at the superb altar of St. Ignatius at the Gesù; the assemblage of the surviving Jesuits in the Chapel to hear the proclamation of their resurrection; the decree for the restitution of their residence in life and scene of the death of their Patriarch, of the novitiate of St. Andrew, its most enchanting Church, and the lovely monument and chapel of St. Stanislaus, which I fondly hope have escaped the fangs of

proved; for if my view of the subject be a correct one, those excellent persons may form an edifying, an useful and meritorious association, united in heart and affection, with the legal and regularly existing members of the Society, but they will not be themselves true members of it, nor truly of any *Religious Order.*"

rapine and devastation. Is there no hope that these acts of justice and religion will be followed by the restoration likewise of the Roman College, the magnificent Church of St. Ignatius, and the wonderful monument of St. Aloysius? If, as I believe, these were appropriated, not to private uses, but became the public University of the city and diocese of Rome, they will be restored to their former owners with less difficulty. But how many years must pass before these houses will be repeopled by such men as we have known, whose sanctity of manner, zeal for the divine glory, science, eloquence and talents of every kind, rendered them worthy of being the instruments of Divine Providence, to illustrate His Church, maintain its faith, and instruct all ranks of human society in all the duties of their respective stations. When I consider the length of preparation required to renew this race of men, my apprehension is that the friends of the Society will be too precipitate, too hasty in expecting benefits from it before its pupils will be mature enough to produce them. I was sorry to notice that you apprehended opposition in England to its existence there, and of course in Ireland, notwithstanding the favorable disposition of the Irish Bishops. Here, I do not yet discover any sensation of hostility in our general, or any of the State governments; little is said in the public papers of the event of the reëstablishment. In consequence of the law which was obtained above twenty years ago, and had become necessary for securing our old estates to the purposes of religion, it will be our duty to observe the forms of the law, to subsist, and quietly let the property pass into the hands of Trustees, who will all be members of the Society. Their vows and principles will direct them, how and by whom the estates must be administered for the services of the country and religion. You express a wish that all the old members should now return to the embrace of their beloved Mother. Of those mentioned by you, the good Mr. Pile has been dead nearly two years ago. I much doubt whether Mr. Ashton, whom I have not seen for several years, will be disposed to do so, or whether Mr. Grassi wishes it.

Concerning Bishop Neale and myself, it seems to us that till more is known of the mind of our rulers, it might not be for the interest of our Brethren, even if His Holiness would allow us to vacate our Sees, to expose their concerns to Successors, unfriendly, perhaps, or liable to be imposed on by malicious misrepresentations. This matter, however, has not yet received my full consideration.

* * * * * *

Our College at Georgetown is much improved, and comes more and more into vogue. It now contains, if not entirely, nearly one hundred pupils; which number cannot be much exceeded without additional building.

The novitiate has been removed from St. Inigo (so much exposed to invasion and depredation) to the White Marsh, where there now are, or will be immediately, eight or nine *Novitii Scholastici.* The excellent Bishops of Boston and Bardstown, and Fr. Kohlmann, Administrator of New York, are doing wonders in their respective dioceses. I am the only sluggard, and do no good.—The visit of your countrymen last summer to Washington has nearly ruined some of my nearest connexions. They next came to this city in their shining; it was an awful spectacle to behold before us at least forty vessels, great and small, and for about twenty-five hours five bomb ketches, discharging shells on the forts of upward of two hundred pounds weight each. You may suppose that we did not sleep much. Heaven preserve us from another such visitation. * * * *

I am truly y^{rs}, etc.

To the same.

BALTIMORE, March 20, 1815.

* * * * * *

Your letter excited a rapture of joy, as containing a copy of the Bull of restoration, and the first certain and detailed account of that most blessed event. On the same evening of its being received, and before I could give myself to read

it leisurely through, it was transmitted to Mr. Grassi,[1] who informed me that he instantly gathered together his coöperators and Brethren in the College, to communicate to them, and to offer their joint thanksgiving to Providence for the happy tidings. I do not foresee any serious obstacle to the reëstablishment being fully completed here, as far as can be in a country which never can sanction, consistently with its political principles, indissoluble vows of religion, or that they induce an incapacity in individuals for certain acts of civil life, to which, without such vows, those individuals would be competent. In these respects, the future members of the Society can be restrained only by the ties of conscience, as all other Religious and Priests themselves now are in all Protestant States. * * * * *

✠J., A^{bp}. B^{re}.

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[1] *Letter of Father Benedict J. Fenwick to Father John A. Grassi.*

NEW YORK, Dec. 23, 1814.

REVD. AND DEAR FATHER,

Te Deum laudamus, Te Dominum confitemur. The Society of Jesus is then completely reëstablished! That long-injured, long-insulted Society! That Society which has been denounced as the corrupter of youth, the inculcator of unsound, unchristian and lax morality! That Society which has been degraded by the Church herself, rejected by her ministers, outlawed by her kings, and insulted by her laity! Restored throughout the whole world, and restored by a public Bull of the Sovereign Pontiff!! Hitherto cooped up in a small corner of the uncivilized world, and not allowed to extend herself, lest the nations of the earth, the favorites of Heaven, should inhale the poison of her pestiferous breath, she is now called forth as the only plank left for the salvation of a shipwrecked, philosophized world, the only restorator of ecclesiastical discipline and sound morality, the only dependence of Christianity for the renewal of correct principles and the diffusion of piety! It is then so. What a triumph! How glorious to the Society! how confounding to her enemies! Gaudeamus in Domino, diem festum celebrantes, etc. If any man will say after this that God is not the friend of the Society, I shall pronounce him, without hesitation, a liar.

I embrace, dear sir, the first leisure moments after the receipt of your letters to forward you my congratulations on the great and glorious tidings you have recently received from Europe—tidings which should exhilarate the heart of every true friend of Christianity and the propagation of the Gospel; tidings peculiarly grateful to this country, and especially to the College of which you are Rector, which will hereafter be able to proceed secundum regulam et Institutum. What a revolution must soon take place in your quarter of the United States! * * * *

In the letters of Archbishop Carroll frequent allusion is made to candidates for the Society, to the number of novices in such and such a year, etc. Perhaps it is not impossible, but certainly it would be difficult, with the partial data at hand, to determine with precision the status of the Mission during the first years of the century. A fair idea of the state of affairs, even in preceding years, may be formed from the subjoined Catalogue for 1820; it is the earliest of the series which our archives furnish, and is in manuscript —the printed catalogues date only from 1836.

A. M. D. G.

CATALOGUS SOCIORUM ET OFFICIORUM MISSIONIS AMERICÆ FŒDERATÆ SOCIETATIS JESU

INEUNTE ANNO MDCCCXX.

R. P.

ANTONIUS KOHLMANN

SUPERIOR MISSION. AMERICÆ FŒDERATÆ

A DIE 10 SEPT. 1817.

P. MAXIMILIAN. RANTZAU—Soc. et Adm. R. P. Superior.

GULIELMUS MULLEN—Soc. Coadjutor.

CONSULTORES MISSIONIS.

P. CAROLUS NEALE, P. LEONARDUS EDELEN,

P. FRANCISCUS NEALE. P. SOC. R. P. SUPERIOR.

COLLEGIUM GEORGIOPOLITANUM

ET CONVICTUS.

P. Antonius Kohlmann—Sup. Miss., Rect. Coll., Prof. theol. dogm., Conf. conv.

P. Joannes Baptista Cary—Min., Cons. coll. et conf. conv.

P. Maximilianus Rantzau — Soc. et Adm. R. P. S., Præf. spir., Prof. theol. mor., Præs. coll. cas. consc., Conf. schol,, Catech. in coll.

P. Joannes McElroy —Proc. coll., Præs. sod. B. V., et conf. ad SS. Trin.

P. Rogerius Baxter—Præf. studior., Prof. phil., Conf. conv.

P. Adamus Marshall—Cons. coll., Prof. math., Conf. conv.

P. Joannes Theod. Detheux—Rect. eccl. SS. Trin.

MAGISTRI SCHOLARUM INFERIORUM.

Thomas Finigan—Prof. hum. et rhet., Primæ græcæ, Catech. coll.

Hieronymus Mudd—Prof. 1 gram. et 2 græcæ.

Gulielmus McSherry— Prof. 2 gram., 3 græcæ, Præf. conv.

Joannes Smith—Prof. 3 gramm.

Eduardus McCarthy—Prof. ling. angl., Geogr., Cat. coll.

AUDITORES THEOLOGIÆ.

Anno secundo.

Stephanus L. Dubuisson—Præf. bibl., Cat. pr. gall.

Germanus Sannen.

Joannes Murphy—Catech. coll.

Virgilius Hor. Barber.

Henricus Verheyen.

Petrus Jos. Timmermans.

Anno primo.

Petrus Walsh—Prof. arithm.

Josephus Schneller—Prof. calligr.

AUDITORES PHILOSOPHIÆ.

Anno secundo.

Thomas Downing—Prof. 2 math.

Thomas Mulledy,

Gulielmus Grace—Præf. conv.

Anno primo.

Samuel Newton.
Jacobus Vandewelde—Prof. ling. gall., Præf. bibl.
Ignatius Combs.
Joannes Smith.
Carolus Const. Pise.
Georgius Fenwick—Organista.
Jacobus Ryder.

VACANT A SCHOLIS.

Alexander Divoff.
Jacobus Neill.

COADJUTORES.

Patritius McLaughlin,
Petrus Kiernan—Sartor.
Christophorus O'Hare—Fab. lign.
Gulielmus Mullen—Soc. R. P. Sup. et Proc. dom.
Bartholomæus Redmond—Colonus.
Philippus Sweeny—Cust. vest., Sutor., Vis. or. et ex.
Henricus Reiselman—Infirm., Excit.
Joannes Drain—Cur. triclin.
Edmundus McFadden—Sartor.
Thomas Mead—Fab. lign.
Christianus De Smet—Sacrist.
Petrus de Meyer—Coq.
Josephus West—Proc. præd.
Richardus Jordan—Pistor, Novitius.
Elias Newton—Organ. fabric., Novitius.

PP.5 —Schol. 25—Coadj. 14—Universi 44.

RESIDENTIA ET DOMUS PROBATIONIS

White Marsh.

P. Carolus Van Quickenborne—Sup., Mag. nov., Operarius.

COADJUTORES.

Laurentius Lynch—Hortul.
Robertus Fenwick—Proc. præd.
Michael Geoghegan—Coq.
Gulielmus Taylor—Fab. lign.

NOVITII SCHOLASTICI.

Jeremias Keily, ...	14 Jun. 1818
Aloysius Mudd, ...	13 Aug. "
Thomas Martin, ...	12 Nov. 1819
Jacobus Lynch, ...	12 Nov. "
Dionysius Donlevy, ...	12 Nov. "
Jacobus Callaghan, ...	12 Nov. "
Michael Dougherty, ...	12 Nov. "

NOVITII COADJUTORES.

Jacobus Fenwick—Cultiv. . . .	20 Aug. 1818
Carolus Strahan—Cælator. . . .	12 Nov. 1819
Georgius Smith—Fab. lign. . . .	12 Nov. "
Martinus Connolly—Sartor. . . .	12 Nov. "
Patritius Burke—Cultiv. . . .	30 Nov. "
Joannes Crease, Typogr. . . .	8 Apr. 1820

P. 1—Schol. 7—Coadj. 10—Univ. 18.

RESIDENTIA S. THOMÆ.

P. Franc. Xav. Neale—Sup., Cons. R. P. Sup. M.

P. Joannes Gulielm. Beschter—Oper.

P. Carolus Neale—Cons. R. P. Sup. M., In conv. Mon. S. Ther. Portobacci quarum est conf.

COADJUTORES.

Joannes O'Connor—Proc. præd.

Gualterus Baron—Fab. lign.

PP. 3—Coadj. 2—Univ. 5.

RESIDENTIA NEOPOLITANA.

(NEWTOWN.)

P. Leonardus Edelen—Cons. R. P. Sup. M., Oper.

Josephus Marshall—Proc. præd.

P. 1—Coadj. 1.—Univ. 2.

RESIDENTIA S. IGNATII.

(ST. INIGOES.)

P. Josephus Carbery—Sup. Nov. a 29 Maii, 1818.

Josephus Mobberly—Proc. præd.

P. 1—Coadj. 1—Univ. 2.

RESIDENTIA CONEWAGO.

P. Adamus Britt—Sup.
P. Matthæus Lekeu—Proc., Oper.

PP. 2.

RESIDENTIA FREDERICOPOLITANA.

P. Franciscus Malevé—Sup., Oper.
P. Joannes Henry—Oper.

PP. 2.

RESIDENTIA S. FR. XAVERII.

(Bohemia.)

P. Petrus Epinette—Sup., Oper.
Joseph Bened. Heard—Proc. præd.

P. 1—Coadj. 1—Univ. 2.

RESIDENTIA GOSHENHOPPEN.

P. Paulus Kohlmann—Sup. Oper.

BALTIMORI.

P. Enoch Fenwick—Rect. eccl. S. Petri.

NEO EBORACI.

P. Petrus Malou—Rect. S. Petri.

CARLOPOLI.

P. Benedictus Fenwick—Rect. eccl. cath.
P. Jacobus Wallace—Oper.

PHILADELPHIÆ.

P. Ludovicus Du Barth—Vic. Gen. Sede Vac. Philad., Proc. præd. Soc. in Penn'a.

EXTRA PROVINCIAM.

Franciscus Vespre, Schol., Romæ.
Aloysius Young, " "

VITA FUNCTUS.

P. Michael Jos. Cousinne, 31 Jul. 1819, Bohemia.

LETTERS OF FATHER JAS. O. VAN DE VELDE.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF A TRIP FROM GEORGETOWN, D. C., TO ST. LOUIS, MO., IN OCTOBER, 1831.

LETTER XI.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 14, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend:

The good Bishop came to our hotel this morning, to invite us to dine with him. It happens well, for this is a day of abstinence. We went there accordingly at about one o'clock P. M. After dinner we visited the Church and the College. The Church, the only Catholic one at present in the city,[1] and called the Cathedral, is an edifice fine enough for this country. It is built of brick, and is of Gothic style. The interior is well ornamented. There is a fine painting above the altar, and two others, one on each side of the first mentioned, besides six more between the windows, presented to the Bishop by Cardinal Fesch. There is also another painting, which had formerly served as altar piece at the College of Bornheim. In front of the communion railing there is a stone which can be raised, under which is a vault destined for the sepulture of Bishops and priests. Two priests have been laid there: Mr. De Clicteur, a Belgian, and the first priest ordained by Bishop Fenwick, and Mr. Muños, a Spaniard, his vicar general, a man of the greatest talent, and formerly confessor to the King of Spain. The College called Athenæum[2] is a building somewhat sim-

[1] The first church in Cincinnati was of logs; it stood on Sycamore Hill, and it was built in 1819 by the late Dominic Young, O. P. After Bishop Fenwick was installed Bishop of Cincinnati, in 1822, this log Church was placed on trucks or rollers, and drawn by oxen to the site of the Cathedral here described by Father Van de Velde, and this Cathedral in its turn was replaced in 1858–59 by the present St. Xavier Church.

[2] The Athenæum was made over to our Society in the year 1840, when its name was changed to St. Xavier College. Father John A. Elet was its first President under its new regime.

ilar to the Church, but of modern style. It has, like the Church, a small turret or steeple, which looks very pretty. The Bishop's house, which is rather small, joins the two other buildings. The whole, taken together, presents an imposing sight. The College is ample enough to receive a large number of students. The rooms are large, but the dormitory, though spacious, does not admit enough fresh air. The boys will suffer from this cause in summer. There is a printing establishment attached to the College. Next week will be published the first religious paper, under the name of *Catholic Telegraph.*

Adieu.

LETTER XII.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 15, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend:

Having given you a description of the Church and College of Cincinnati, I must now speak to you of the city in general. Before beginning, I must state that the College is 130 feet long and 50 feet wide, and that the Church has about the same dimensions. Only ten years ago there was here neither Church nor any resident priest. At present there are priests in divers parts of the State of Ohio, and the Bishop has fifteen or sixteen young men who are preparing for the priesthood in his seminary. Of the number, three are Belgians. As they were not introduced to me, although I wished to see them, I did not become acquainted with any of them. Perhaps they suspected that I might want to make Jesuits of them; if such was the case, the suspicions were not well founded. Now a word about the city. It is scarcely credible how much it has increased. Buildings, as well public as private, churches, banks, hotels, stores, are being erected on all sides. The streets cut each other at right angles, as in most of the cities of the U. S., and the houses and stores are built on the Philadelphia plan. In 1790, the first building, a frame, was here erected. In 1800, there were 750 inhabitants. In 1810, there were 2,320. In 1820, 10,500. In 1830, 26,500; and the present number

of inhabitants is reckoned at more than 28,000, without including strangers, whose number is about 1,500. There are now in process of erection more than 500 buildings, of which a Presbyterian Church and the City Hotel are the principal.

Adieu, etc.

LETTER XIII.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 16, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend:

We left Cincinnati for Louisville yesterday at 11 o'clock A. M. Before saying anything else, I must mention the hydraulic works of Cincinnati, of which I forgot to speak to you. The water is pumped out of the Ohio river by a steam machine, the force of which is equal to a forty-horse power. That machine forces the water up to the height of 158 feet above the river, at low water mark. That water is received in two reservoirs, which are on the top of a hill, at the foot of which is the building which contains the machine. The large reservoir is 100 feet long and 50 broad. The other is only 95 feet long and 45 feet wide. The water is conveyed to the city through cast-iron pipes, and passes under the bed of a small river called Deer Creek, as far as the intersection of Broadway and Third streets, where it is distributed through all the parts of the city in wooden pipes. The inhabitants may have the water brought to their houses from the street, where the large pipe is, for a certain sum of money, payable annually. The pipes through which the water is conveyed to the houses of private families are made and repaired at their expense, as also the hydrant, which acts as a fountain. The lowest price for the use of the water is eight dollars a year. We came here on board the packet steamer Robert Fulton, Captain Greene. Before starting from Cincinnati Fr. McSherry lost his Italian boots. It is probable that they were stolen from him, for they say that there are many thieves in Cincinnati, and especially in the hotel in which we lodged. He had pre-

viously lost his cane on the way, and so had Fr. Kenney, who besides had lost his gloves. We reached Louisville this morning at about four o'clock.

Adieu, yours, etc.

LETTER XIV.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 17, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend:

After our landing here we had a great deal of trouble to find a hotel where we could be lodged, on account of the large number of strangers that were in the city. Some had come for amusement, others for religious motives, others again for motives of interest. Those of the first class were pouring in from all sides to see the horse races which are to take place to-day at noon. Those of the second class were Methodist ministers, who were to open their conference on yesterday. These conferences are to last four days. It is rumored that there are about 150 of these ministers in this city. Some of them had traveled with us in the packet boat, having their families with them. One of these gentlemen blessed the table after his own fashion, and after supper, in the evening, asked permission to declaim on Religious matters, which was not granted to him. To console himself, he assembled his fellow preachers with their families, and they all began to sing in the rear of the cabin. Some of our passengers, who happened to be musicians, began also to play profane airs on their instruments, which served to put them out. Those of the third class were composed of merchants and travelers. We succeeded at last in finding two beds in one room, which was already occupied by other persons. Father Kenney fared even worse. There were only three beds in our room, and we got two of them, but there were four or five beds in the room which was offered to him. After making these arrangements, Fr. McSherry and I went to take a walk to look for the Catholic Church, which we found, and to which we returned after some time in order to offer the holy sacrifice of the

Mass. It was the first time since our departure that I had that happiness. Father Kenney preached on the Gospel of the day, and after the last Mass we went with Rev. Mr. Abell to dine at Mr. O'Brien's.

LETTER XV.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 18, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend:

You must have noticed that the dates of my letters do not correspond with the observations which I make during my trip. To day is Tuesday, and I have not yet narrated what took place last Sunday. The last you heard was that we went last Sunday to take dinner at Mr. O'Brien's, an Irishman, who treated us very well. After dinner we went to see the interior of the Church, for we had said Mass in a room under the Church, which room is destined for a school when the Church shall have been completed. The Church itself, which was commenced about a year ago, is a tolerably fine building, in Gothic style, with a square tower in the same style. It is 95 feet long and 55 feet wide, exclusive of the Sanctuary, which is 16 feet long and 20 feet broad. They were working at the altar and at the pews, of which there will be six rows, each row will have twenty-two pews, and each pew will be able to admit five persons. There is also a large gallery for the organ, etc.; so that the Church will contain about one thousand persons or thereabouts. The city of Louisville increases almost as rapidly as that of Cincinnati. A kind of epidemic, which broke out here in 1822, served very much to stop the progress of this rising city. There existed then several marshes and ponds of stagnant water, which have since been filled. Now the atmosphere of the city is considered healthy. Buildings are springing up in every direction, and the population is already over 11,000. Last Sunday we took supper at Mr. John Carrell's, brother of my friend George,[1] who is now

[1] Father George Carrell joined the Society at St. Stanislaus' Novitiate, Missouri, in 1835; he died Bishop of Covington, Ky., in 1868. His brother John

pastor at Wilmington, Delaware. Mrs. Carrell is a very amiable lady, and showed the greatest kindness to us.

Adieu.

LETTER XVI.

SHIPPINGPORT, Oct. 19, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend:

Last Monday Fr. McSherry and I visited the new canal, which is being dug between Louisville and Shippingport, in order to avoid passing over the Ohio Falls. The soil between these two places is rocky, and although this canal is only two miles in length and is very narrow, it has, nevertheless, cost a great deal of money and a great deal of work. On that same day we dined privately at the hotel where we had taken our lodging (Union Hall, kept by Mr. Langhorne), and we had at table with us the ex-Secretary Eaton with his wife and his sister-in-law, also Judge Rowan and Rev. Mr. Abell, and Dr. De Clery, who said that he knew me, and who had resided at the College in 1817. After dinner Mrs. Eaton introduced us to a certain Mr. Reynoldson, of Philadelphia, who drank a glass of wine with us and amused us very much by his conversation. Towards evening, at the house of Mr. Abell, we met the Rev. Mr. Evremond and the Rev. Mr. Fouché, who had just arrived from Bardstown, a small town about forty miles from Louisville. It is there that Bishop Flaget resides, whom I so much desired to see, but, etc. Those Rev. gentlemen went to take their supper in the city, and we went to Mrs. Bullitt, where resides General Atkinson, who married one of her daughters. The younger one is at the convent of Georgetown. The mother is, since two years, a convert to the Catholic Church. We met there also Miss Anderson, who left the convent of Georgetown some three or four years ago. The day after, Fr. McSherry engaged our passage on a steamboat, whilst Fr. Kenney and I took a walk as far as the Woodland Gardens. Mr. Evremond,[1] left us

went from Philadelphia to Louisville in 1825. He died at his daughter's house in Frankfort, Ky., in 1878, aged nearly ninety years. His house was for many years as a home for priests in Louisville.

[1] Fathers Evremond and Fouché both became Jesuits, Father Fouché re-

to go to the Noviciate at Whitemarsh. We are to start this afternoon.

Adieu.

LETTER XVII.

SHIPPINGPORT, Oct. 20, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend:

I was forgetting to tell you that yesterday we dined at Mr. Rudd's and that we left the Inn at three o'clock to come to this port, where the houses and inhabitants present a scene of the most complete misery. We were to leave this place yesterday at four o'clock P. M. It is now eight o'clock in the morning, and we are still here. The name of the steamboat which is to take us to St. Louis is the Charleston, and that of the Captain is Thornburgh. The price of the passage, including the meals, is twelve dollars each. The cabin contains only sixteen berths, and it is rumored that we shall be about thirty passengers. The last comers sleep on mattresses laid on the floor. There are besides fifteen or sixteen ladies and half a dozen children, who get along the best way they can in the ladies' cabin, which is above ours, and where there are only eight berths. There are, moreover, some eighty other passengers, who are also above us, and who pay only for the trip; as for victuals and bedding, they have to procure them for themselves. All this is very unpleasant. So much had been said to us of the steamers which ply the Ohio and Mississippi rivers; but all those which we have seen so far (and they are many) are much inferior to those of Maryland and Pennsylvania. The principal object of the Captains is to make as much money as they can, regardless of the comfort of the passengers. To give you an idea of the trade on the Ohio and the Mississippi, I may tell you that there are now more than two hundred steamboats afloat on these

maining with our Fathers at St. Mary's College, Marion County, Ky., till the Fathers left that place to take charge of St. John's College, Fordham, in 1846. Father Evremond had gone to France some three or four years before the Fathers had left Kentucky, and died soon after reaching France.

rivers. The first was built twenty years ago (in 1811); the second was built in 1814; in 1824, one hundred and fifteen had been built, and of them all, but two now remain.

Adieu.

LETTER XVIII.

On Board the Boat, Oct. 21, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend:

We left Shippingport yesterday morning at ten o'clock, and we are told that we shall not arrive in St. Louis before next Monday, 24th inst. We passed a little village called New Albany, almost opposite Louisville, and after making about one hundred miles we ran on a sand bar. The boat was turned round completely. All possible efforts were made to free the boat. They made use of piles, they took the anchor in the yawl and cast it at a great distance, and they did that several times, but each time it was raised without any progress on the part of the boat. Finally, after about an hour's work, they succeeded in extricating the boat by dint of steam, a thing which is considered dangerous. By noon we had passed the Green River and the Salt River, as also the small towns of Brandenburg in Kentucky, and Fredonia in Indiana. Sand bars and Islands are very numerous in the Ohio River. These sand bars often shift their places, which renders navigation dangerous. Moreover, there are many trees that fall into the river from its banks, when the river is high and the current swift. Those trees remain fastened to the sand bars, in which, where the river is not very deep, the branches get deeply buried in the mud or sand which accumulates around them. The lower part of the tree rises sometimes above and sometimes below the surface of the water, and is either movable or immovable; in the former case, a tree thus situated is called a sawyer, in the latter case, a snag. Several steamboats have sunk to the bottom by running against those kinds of trees. Some forty have perished in that manner in less than two years. This morning when we awoke we found that we had passed the towns of Rome and Troy

without knowing it. They are on the Indiana shore. We passed several towns of that sort, which contain from ten to fifty persons. The rest to-morrow.

Adieu. Yours, etc.

LETTER XIX.

On Board the Boat, Oct. 22, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend:

I hasten to give you an account of the things I saw after writing my letter yesterday. We passed the mouth of Green River, which is a large river, although its mouth is very small. It crosses a large portion of the State of Kentucky.—[I forgot to tell you that we entered the Kentucky River (after which the State is named) between Cincinnati and Louisville. We only entered its mouth, and it was to put ashore at Port William, a colored man who had stolen one of the horses of his master, who, suspecting his slave, went to Cincinnati where he found his man in the act of selling the horse. He seized upon both the man and the beast, fastened a halter around the horse's neck, and a chain around the ankle of the negro, and placed them on board our steamer.]—To return: after passing Evansville in Indiana and Hendersonville in Kentucky, we reached, towards evening, the mouth of the Wabash River, which separates Indiana from Illinois. Sometime after that, we arrived at Shawneetown, where we wooded and where we went on shore and touched for the first time the land of Illinois. In the evening we saw the mouth of a cave which extends far into a mountain that appears to form but one large rock. The mouth looks much like a large door. During the night we passed the mouth of the Cumberland River, which is large enough, and that of the Tennessee River, after which one of the States is named. This last crosses Kentucky and Tennessee, then winding through Mississippi and Alabama, it re-enters Tennessee at the line which separates Georgia from Alabama, and forking at Knoxville, one branch, which retains the name, enters South Carolina, and

the other branch, taking the name of Holston, enters Virginia.—Nothing worth noticing until the Mississippi River, that River, the object of so much praise, into which we have just now entered.

Adieu.

LETTER XX.

FROM THE MISSISSIPPI SHORES, Oct. 23, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend:

We entered that River yesterday before noon. One would say that it is the Mississippi that enters the Ohio, and that for two reasons. First, because the Mississippi, below the mouth, seems to be a continuation of the Ohio River. Secondly, because the mouth of the Ohio is much wider than the Mississippi above that mouth. The Mississippi is neither very wide nor very swift. We expected to see a majestic river, much superior to the Potomac or the Susquehanna. It surpasses them, it is true, in length, but that is all. We had scarcely entered that renowned river, when we struck against one of those hidden trees which I have described in my letter of the 21st inst. Happily it only served to frighten us. We passed over the "sawyer" without receiving any damage. In the evening we saw on the Missouri side a small village called Commerce. Last evening we had a storm which forced the Captain to cast anchor. The rain was pouring down in floods, the wind was very violent, and the waves dashed against the lower deck of the vessel. It is Sunday to-day, and we are on the river.—Patience! This morning after having passed Muddy River, a small stream on the Illinois side, we saw a natural tower,[1] round in shape, pretty high, and which, like a fortress, advances into the river on the Missouri side. It is formed of flat stones piled on one another and tapering

[1] This is called "Grand Tower." At this point, the river passes through a sort of gate in the primeval bluffs, and the channel is here narrow and the current rapid. This scene is described somewhat minutely by Father Marquette in his diary; he passed it about the beginning of July, 1673, he and his companions being the first white men that ever saw this portion of the Mississippi River.

gradually to the summit, which is 30 or 40 feet above the level of the water. Towards noon we were once more thrown on a sand bar, but it was for an instant only. All along the shores of the Ohio and Mississippi, are to be seen, from time to time, little huts without any windows, and some without chimney, inhabited by peasants and wood cutters, who provide boats with wood. Whole families live in these miserable huts. It is nearly 6 o'clock. I will write to you to-morrow before arriving in St. Louis.

Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

On Board the Boat, Oct. 24, 1831.

My Very Dear Friend:

We passed the mouth of the Kaskaskia River last evening, and during the night the small town of St. Genevieve, where died the Rev. Mr. Nerinckx. The mouth of the Kaskaskia River is so small, that we were nearly on the point of passing it without noticing it. We have just passed the Barracks, around which there are several other buildings. They are ten miles distant from St. Louis. Early this morning we pass the mouth of the Maramec River, and we are now but a short distance from the village of Vide-Poche, which stands on an elevated rock. We will therefore be very soon in St. Louis, the terminus of our journey. And I am greatly rejoiced at it; first, because we are not at all at ease in the cabin, which, moreover, is not kept clean; and secondly, because we are drinking the muddy water of the river, which we have been doing since we left Louisville. As it might happen that you may one day make the same journey, I will end this letter by giving you an account of the expenses for one person, starting from Washington to Fredericktown:

	Miles	
From Washington to Fredericktown	41	$3 50
Supper and lodging in Rockville, and breakfast		1 37½
From Fredericktown to Hagerstown	27	1 50
Dinner in Middletown, supper in Clearspring		87½
From Hagerstown to Frostburg	80	5 62½
Breakfast at Blackwell's, dinner and supper		1 37½
From Frostburg to Wheeling	112	7 62½
Breakfast in Brownsville, dinner in Washington		87½
Lodgement in Wheeling, 1½ days		2 00
From Wheeling to Cincinnati	358	10 00
Lodgement in Cincinnati for one day		1 00
From Cincinnati to Louisville	132	4 00
Lodgement in Louisville for two days		2 00
For the coach to Shippingport	2	25
From Shippingport to St. Louis, in all	540	12 00
For the transport'n of four trunks, etc.		1 00
	1292	55 00

You may notice that I have noted down only the bare cost of the trip, without including any extra expenses, or any accidents which may occur.

Yours, etc.

KANSAS.

Letter of Father Ponziglione.

OSAGE MISSION, NEOSHO COUNTY, KANSAS,
Dec. 31st, 1880.

REVEREND FATHER,
P. C.

Broad and extensive as is the world, we cannot any longer hope to keep hidden the things that are daily taking place, so that what may happen to-day in the Far West will to-morrow be known in the East. As this is the case, I would not be at all surprised if you had already heard of my pleasure trip last summer to the Mountains; perhaps, too, some of your good-humored friends have come to the conclusion that the holy missionaries are after all only a set of ramblers, who know how to enjoy themselves. Well, I will grant you, that I took a trip to the Mountains, and it was indeed a real pleasure trip for me; but do not, I beg, impute to me any wrong-doing on that account. Although I am far from blaming a poor missionary for taking a little recreation once in a while, yet for myself I prefer to keep the ball rolling, and be always at hard work as long as I can, looking only for rest where it shall last forever. If then the real object of my trip was not pleasure, what could it have been? Thinking that the answer to this question might prove of interest to you, I send you this little account.

On the fifth day of July I started on a long peregrination westward—or, to tell you the plain truth—on a begging expedition, to collect some funds with which to continue the building of our new church, which was begun in 1872. On my route along the Kansas Pacific, from Junction City to Denver, I visited the neat churches that ornament most of the towns on that road, and I am proud to say the various priests whom I met at these churches, not only re-

ceived me very kindly and encouraged me in my undertaking, but gave me substantial proofs of the interest which they took in my work.

I spent a few days in Denver with our Fathers, who have just finished a nice church in that city. They treated me with great cordiality, and through their influence I got a free pass by the South Park Railway to Leadville. Leadville is a new and wonderful city, and though hardly four years old, has a census of twenty-five thousand people. Looking at it, one would imagine that it had sprung up by magic from the rugged mountains of Colorado. The surroundings are wild in their appearance; no orchards or gardens, no teeming vegetation or well kept farms relieve the monotony of this barren district. For miles and miles the view is cheerless, with here and there a few shabby pine trees or an occasional bunch of wild sage sticking out from clefts in the rocks. Still the markets are crowded with all the fruits and vegetables which the season can afford. The South Park and Rio Grande railroads are daily competing for the supply of this place. The great and striking feature of Leadville, however, is the rich treasure of mineral ore which nature has deposited here in extensive mines.

I was told that there was plenty of money here and entertained myself with the hope of collecting a goodly sum. I was disappointed. A few days previous to my arrival the city was the scene of a terrible riot. The miners, who form the greater part of its population, raised a strike. They appeared in the public thoroughfares well organized and armed and for a short time life and property were threatened with destruction. This excitement naturally brought on a panic in local business, and money was quickly taken in from circulation.

The Catholics of Leadville are quite numerous. They have a resident priest, who has nearly completed a magnificent brick church. There is also another priest residing at the Sisters' Hospital, where I found forty-seven patients. As this clergyman was absent, I was invited to take his

place. I accepted the invitation, and for one week acted as chaplain.

Though disappointed at Leadville in my expectations, I returned to Denver with the determination of continuing my journey West while my money lasted. From Colorado I set out for California. While stopping over at some of the neat little towns along the Union Pacific R. Road, I again had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with some of the clergymen who labor in the Rocky Mountains. I must again bear witness to their respect, kindness and liberality towards me. They not only invited me to officiate in their churches, but allowed me to collect what money I could.

On the 7th of August I arrived in San Francisco. Here I shall not lose time in describing the gigantic works which line the bay from Oakland towards this city, or in praising the beautiful palaces along the streets of this great western metropolis. The stately halls of St. Ignatius' College, with its Byzantine Basilica; the ancient cloisters of Santa Clara College, with its antique sanctuary (one of the few relics of the old California Missions which has escaped the destructive hand of Yankee enterprise); the charming villas that encircle the wealthy city of S. José; all filled one with delight and surprise. But what overwhelmed my heart with joy seldom felt before, was my meeting here with several friends and companions of my youth, whom I had not seen since the revolutionary storm which broke over Italy in 1848, and scattered us to all parts of the world. Oh! how happy I was during the few days which I spent in the company of my old fellow-novices and scholastics! I seemed to find myself once more at home in my dear province of Turin. It all appeared to me a dream, not a reality, and I began to understand and feel what the old poet meant by the sweet words: "Dulce videre suos."

My stay in California was short, and on the 14th of September I returned to this Mission. Here some might be wishing to know what after all was the result of my trip, and whether, from a pecuniary point of view, it was a suc-

cessful one. To this question it is difficult to give a satisfactory answer; for what would be a success for me, another might think a failure. I can say this, however, that on this trip I was not the loser, and collected more money than I could have received had I remained at home. So you see that, after all, I have no reason to complain.

I came home just in time to attend a fair that had been planned during my absence by the ladies of our congregation. It began about the middle of October, lasted for a week, and, thanks be to God, was a success. So, having a few dollars of ready money at hand, we began work on the Church without delay, and before winter set in, built a considerable portion of the front wall, which now shows the three main entrances that are completed. As soon as spring will open, we calculate to resume the work, and shall continue according to our means. The walls are built entirely of large stones, and we can on this account stop the work at any moment without damage to what is now finished.

As soon as I had a few days at my disposal after my return, I started for the Indian Territory on a visit to the Osages, and found them as usual in a distressed condition. I could not see the full-bloods on this occasion, on account of their absence in pursuit of game. I was, however, more fortunate with the half-breeds. These I called together in the different settlements, and offered them an opportunity of performing their Christian duties. The greater part listened to me with attention, and in one settlement, God be praised, nearly fifty were in attendance at Mass, and about half that number came to the Sacraments.

I had hardly returned from the Osages, when I received a telegram calling me among the Choctaws, some two hundred miles south of this Residence, where a poor miner had been crushed by falling rock, and was in danger of death. I started on this sick call the night of the 13th of November on the first train which I could get. I arrived too late. I reached the place on the following morning, but the unfortunate man had died four hours before my arrival. All I could do was to say Mass for the repose of his soul, and perform the burial services.

On the 16th I returned to the Mission to bury Mr. Thos. Magner, one of our scholastics. He came here on the 12th of last August from Seguin, Texas, to try whether the mildness of our climate could do something for his consumption. In the beginning he appeared to improve, and of his own accord asked to teach a class in our Institution. He was quite a young man, and gifted with all the qualities necessary to make of him a worthy member of the Society. He was not only a virtuous religious, but a thorough scholar and an able teacher. His pupils loved him, and were fast improving under his direction. But all his hopes of recovery were an illusion; for he had hardly been teaching two months, when he was obliged to give up his class and confine himself to his room.

Here he began to sink rapidly. With the consumption, which had reduced him to a skeleton, came palpitation of the heart, in consequence of which it became difficult for him to speak. He saw that his end was fast approaching, but was not alarmed by it. He calmly prepared for the last Sacraments, which he received with great devotion, and on the 21st of November, the feast of the Presentation, went, as we hope, to witness its celebration in Heaven. He was but twenty-three years of age, six of which he had spent in the Society. R. I. P.

PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

INDIAN MISSIONS.

I.—THE CROW INDIANS.

More than twelve years ago the Crow Indians, a numerous tribe leading a wandering life to the east of the Rocky Mountains, presented a formal petition to the American government for a priest, or Black-gown. General Alfred Sully had written on this subject to the lamented Father

De Smet, and he in turn proposed it to the Superior General of our Mission. Delays were met with in the settlement of the affair, and, finally, the Superior went to see General Sully in regard to it, when he was informed that this mission had just been confided to the Episcopalians and Methodists. The only reason for assigning this tribe to them was that the government had made valuable appropriations in the case.

It is true that we did not lose sight of these poor infidels, but it was impossible to obtain subjects who could take charge of the mission. Finally Fr. Barcelò penetrated to them, and he is the second priest who has ever paid them a visit, the first having been Fr. De Smet, whose stay among them was very brief, but whose memory will forever remain in benediction amongst all these savage nations.

The result of Fr. Barcelò's visit is described by himself in the following letter written to the Superior of the Rocky Mountain Mission.

Letter of Fr. Barcelò to Fr. Cataldo.

HELENA, Oct. 7, 1880.

Having set out, according to instructions, to visit some Catholic families of whites, I arrived for the first time in the camp of the Crow Indians, between Fort Custer and Terry's Landing. I was well received, and by means of a negro, who acted as my interpreter, I explained to them the object of my coming, which was to teach them the way to Heaven. The chief and his principal men showed themselves to be well disposed. After dinner, the chief assembled all his people under the shade of a tree, and I explained the principal mysteries of the Christian religion, and exhorted them to pray for the gift of faith. Towards evening an adult Crow, who was sick, sent for me, and, after some instructions I baptized him and administered Extreme Unction. He was somewhat better next morning, and I gave him a medal. The chief would have me baptize the children, but believing it safer to proceed slowly, I deferred the

matter until I should have obtained permission of the Agent. Having promised at my departure to return as soon as possible, I arrived at Fort Custer, and from that place I proceeded to Terry's Landing, where I met Father Veneman, who was on his way to Bozeman. The judgments of God are inscrutable. Not one of the white Catholics would take the trouble to come to Mass on Sunday, although for years they had not been present at the Holy Sacrifice, and the pagan Crows were asking for instruction in the Catholic faith. Upon my return to the poor Crows, they earnestly besought me to baptize their little children, and with great pleasure I complied with their request. I also baptized three children of my interpreter, who had been brought up a Catholic, but who had had no opportunity of practising his religion since the age of twelve years. I gave him the catechism to translate. I gave the savages to understand that it would be impossible to instruct them and make them good Christians, if they went wandering about in pursuit of the buffalo; that they should settle down in some fixed place; that they have plenty of fertile land. They listened with attention, and showed a readiness to do whatever I suggested. I spoke about it to the Agent, who exhibited some astonishment that the savages should be willing to do for the priest and for the Catholic religion what could not be obtained from them by the American government and by the Protestant ministers. These latter, having found out by experience that none of the natives paid any attention to them, have all returned home. Your Reverence, in conjunction with Rev. Mr. Brouillet, should try to obtain that the American government throw no obstacle in the way of that which has been so well begun.

G. Barcelo, S. J.

II.—THE INDIAN SCHOOL OF ST. IGNATIUS' MISSION.

Extract of a Letter from Fr. Luigi M. Folchi to Fr. Piccirillo.

ST. IGNATIUS' MISSION,
MISSOULA CO., MONTANA,
December 26, 1880.

* * * * * This is the golden opportunity for putting our schools amongst the Indians on such a footing as to compete with, or even to surpass those of the Protestants. The Lord seems to bless our poor endeavors. An inspector of Indian affairs (a man of no religion), who had spent a short time here, wrote lately to the agent of this Reservation, from the Indian College of Forest Grove, in Oregon, an institution liberally supported by the government, that he has visited many Indian schools, but has never seen one to equal that of our Mission in the improvement of the scholars. Laus Deo semper! But does it seem as if justice will be done us by the government? Just now the census is being taken under orders from Washington. There is a world of questions which the enumerators have to propose to these poor Indians, even as to the number of guns they have; how many dogs? etc., etc. But there is no inquiry made about their religion; because, as these reservations are allotted to the various denominations, regard should be shown to the majority according to religious persuasion, and they would naturally find more Catholics among the Indians than they would desire. * * * *

III.—LAKE SUPERIOR.

Extract of a Letter from Fr. Specht to Fr. James Perron.

RED ROCK, Jan. 17, 1881.

Since the visitation by Rev. Fr. Charaux, Superior of the Mission, your humble servant has been constituted *Miss. Excurr.*, having charge of the following stations:

Grand Portage, Minn.; Rivière aux Anglais, upon the Canadian Pacific R. R.; Red Rock, distant one hundred miles from Fort William; and Népigon, which is two hundred miles distant from the same place. But in the Spring I shall go even further still. There will be plenty of work at the different stations, for I have to instruct the Christians, and in some places there are pagans to be converted. I have already had a taste of the fatigues inseparable from the missionary's life on the borders of Lake Superior, especially in winter. On the 16th of September FF. Hébert, Gagnon and myself went from Silver Islet to Red Rock. As the wind was contrary, we were several times obliged to go ashore and camp. On the 19th we all three said Mass in our tent, which was pitched in the midst of the woods. We reached Red Rock on the 20th, and leaving Fr. Gagnon there, Fr. Hébert and I started on the 24th in a bark canoe for Népigon, accompanied by two Indians. The voyage lasted six days, and presented difficulties which can be understood only after they have been experienced. The greatest trouble is caused by the *portages*, seven or eight in number, and some of them two miles long, with a trail which is a path only in name. We had to carry our own packs, but the roughest part of the work, the transportation of the canoe, fell to our two companions. We were delayed for some time on Lake Népigon by head winds, and it was not until the 1st of October that we could steer a straight course for Fort Népigon.

Our Christians were assembled at the landing place to welcome us, for they had been in expectation of our coming, and we had to shake hands all around. After the evening prayers, which are recited in common every day, Fr. Hébert introduced me to my congregation as his successor. Before dismissing our people, we gratified them with the sight of the beautiful chasubles, chalice, ciborium, etc., etc. which their *Bourgeois*, Mr. Henri De la Ronde, had ordered from Montreal for the chapel, at an expense of $130. Fr. Hébert remained only a short time at Népigon. After his departure I gave a mission, which was very successful, Mr.

De la Ronde assuring me that he did not know even of one who failed to receive the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist.

During these days a ceremony took place which may seem childish to white men, but to which our people attach a great deal of importance. I speak of the conferring an Indian name upon the new missionary. Our Indians are not blessed with the gift of tongues, and can rarely pronounce, much less remember our names, especially, if like mine, they chance to be German, and consequently they give us a name taken from their own language. The choice of this name is a privilege of the chief, and I had to undergo the ceremony like every one else. They dubbed me: *Kapapamincoadjimo!* which being interpreted signifies, "He who brings the good news." Henceforward, I shall be known by them under this name. We have built a little schoolhouse on an island not far from the Fort; I shall open it next Spring if I can find a competent teacher.

On my return to Red Rock, I was busy for a time in directing some improvements which were made upon the church and the surroundings of the priest's house. I set out for Fort William on the 6th of September. I did not go by boat this time; the journey had to be made quite prosaically on foot, and for the greater part of the time on snow-shoes. An Indian sled carried my chapel furniture, vestments, books and some other indispensable articles. This is the winter style of traveling here. It required three days to reach Prince Arthur's Landing, seventy-five or eighty miles from here in a straight line. We made our way sometimes on the lake, sometimes through the woods, and occasionally along the bed of little streams or over ponds, which are very numerous at the carrying places; the cold was so intense that my nose and one cheek were frozen. And besides, making my way on snow shoes through the woods, and by paths which do not deserve the name, I got many a fall. I came back from Fort William on the 10th of December. Ten days later I set out for Grand Portage, taking a bad cold along with me, which I

got rid of on the way. On the 28th I again quitted the soil of the United States, with the thermometer marking thirty-nine degrees below zero. We camped out in the woods that evening, and although we made a fire big enough to roast an ox whole, we suffered terribly from the intense cold. My share in its effects was a frozen heel, and whilst engaged in saying my office close by the fire, I thought that my hands would also be frozen. You may be sure that we were glad when daylight came. We made an early start, traveled on the whole day, and at six P. M. reached Fort William, where all were filled with astonishment that we should have attempted a journey during such intensely cold weather.

My stay at Fort William was short, for on the 31st of December I set out for Red Rock by way of Silver Islet. I thought that I could reach the latter place by ten o'clock at night; but having arrived about nine o'clock at the Portage, we lost the road, for it was a dark night, and we had never gone that way before. We were forced to camp out without tent or covering, for it had been our intention to sleep at Silver Islet that night, and we had nothing to eat except some sardines and soda biscuits. To make matters worse, I began to feel so sick that my companion was frightened. Fortunately, it was only a trifle, and early the next morning, New Year's Day, we were able to proceed, my companion having found the road. At nine A. M. I knocked at the door of Mr. Simmons, one of the good Catholics of Silver Islet. No one expected me, for it was supposed that I was still at Red Rock; but scarcely had the church bell announced the arrival of the priest, when our people flocked to the church to hear Mass. I baptized two children next day (Sunday), heard confessions and gave Communion to the faithful, overjoyed at the opportunity of approaching the Sacraments. A few days afterwards I returned to Red Rock. Towards the end of March I shall start upon my *grand voyage* of about four months, of which I shall by and by send you a detailed account.

Jos. Specht, S. J.

IV.—MONTANA TERRITORY.

Letter from Father Prando to Father Cataldo.

ST. PETER'S MISSION, M. T.,
January 13, 1881.

REV. FATHER SUPERIOR,
P. C.

I write to your Reverence some strange things from St. Peter's Mission. The first cause for wonder is that it snows here under a clear sky; for when the snow has fallen, after the ordinary manner of falling snow, and the sky has again become clear, a strong wind springs up, which causes the snow as fine as dust to drift, until mountains arise at the caprice of the storm. A man here had his house buried, and was obliged to tunnel his way out through the snow. Rows of trees are completely covered with it, so that one can walk over their tops. Sometimes the mountains around the Mission are seen so enveloped with snow that they look like smoking volcanoes when the fierce winds sweep the light particles up to and over their summits; again, when the wind changes, it drives the snow before it like white-capped waves, and, pressing it close to the ground, the very mountains appear to be moving towards the plains. The immense prairies, deeply covered with hard packed snow, are sometimes scoured by terrific blasts, which send minute particles whirling in dense clouds over its surface. When the poor missionary is caught in such a storm, he can see nothing to guide him on his way, and runs great risk of being lost. Last November a poor man was lost in the neighborhood of Fort Shaw, and had his feet frozen from exposure. After a few days it was found necessary to amputate them, and he was sent to the hospital at Helena. At Fort Benton it is now forty degrees below zero, centigrade; they have no fire wood, and have to go twenty miles to get it, hauling it over the snow.

In the Mission of St. Peter, although we suffer much

from cold, yet we are consoled by much spiritual fruit obtained. I have been recompensed for all the labors of my journey, by the first success among the Blackfeet. During the novena of Christmas, the Holy Child granted me the gracious favor of baptizing an Indian woman, one hundred and twenty years of age. She was reputed to be a medicine woman, and had cured many whites at Fort Benton. Some months ago, near the Mission, a young man, attacked by a panther, had received four ugly wounds on the head; and this old woman effected a complete cure in the course of a month, using only one herb for the purpose. She would not see the missionary, and to all who spoke to her about religion, she answered that she would not receive Baptism, because after death she wanted to travel the same road as her sons had done. I visited her several times, but took care not to touch upon the subject of religion. On the first day of the Novena for Christmas, a man came and told me, that the old woman was speaking of dying. This morning she was saying that she had expected to die when the cherries ripened; but that now she thought death was near, and she requested not to be buried beneath the ground, but that her body might be placed upon a tree, after the manner of her tribe, because she wished to rejoin her sons. Next day I said Mass to obtain the conversion of this soul, and started on horseback to see her. The poor thing was seated in silence on the ground. I saluted her, and said it was time for her to be baptized, and that if she refused she would go to a fiery chamber, a place of torments, where she would never see her sons; if, on the other hand, she consented, then she would go to Heaven, where she would find all her good children with God. She finally was persuaded, but expressed a wish to retain her medicines. I was not aware that she dealt in this business, and began to suspect something on hearing such a request. I told her that she might keep her medicines if they were good, and that I should like to see them. Thereupon, opening a little bag, she took out a root, and said that when it was boiled and a drink made from it, it would cure a cold. I asked

her if she performed any ceremonies while using this; she said that she did not, and I told her that it was a good medicine, and she could keep it. Then she took a bit of wood and said, when this is reduced to a powder and used as a snuff, it stops bleeding at the nose, without any ceremony being added. I told her to keep this, too, and many other remedies which she showed and explained. I then asked her from whom she had learned the virtue of these medicines; she said that no one had taught her; but that when she stood in need of anything she went to sleep, and a person appeared to her in a dream, who pointed out where she would find a root to cure the disease. I asked her: "Can we obtain a sight of this person?" "No." "Has he horns?" "No; his face is beautiful!" "Has he wings—long wings—and horse's feet?" She replied that he was winged, but that his wings were very short and white, and that he had feet like a chicken, and that nevertheless he walked upon the water, and she liked him very much.

Returning in the afternoon, I caused her to renounce all dealings that she might have had with the evil one; and when she had made all the promises necessary to convince me of her sincerity, I admitted her to Baptism. Just before the pouring of the water, when I was stretching out my hand to place it on her head, she began to tremble from head to foot with great terror.

After Baptism she became tranquil in body, and her face was very calm. She was my first convert from among the Blackfeet, and I called her Mary. On New Year's Day I baptized a Blackfoot boy, and gave him the name of Joseph.

Just now I have four Protestants under instruction, and they are very eager to learn, and will soon receive Baptism. A good American Catholic called upon me, and begged me to try and persuade his wife, who was a Protestant, to embrace the faith; he added that he had not himself urged her in regard to religion, because he did not wish to excite the ill-will of her relations. I visited the family two or three times, and, having learned how matters stood, I said to her one day: "Well, when shall we begin the instruc-

tions?" She understood what I meant, and answered that we could begin that very evening, which was done.

At Fort Shaw I have established a Catholic Society, whose members receive Holy Communion in a body every two months. The Commander, although a Protestant, is very courteous to the Catholic missionary, and on Sundays has the time for Mass announced by drumbeat.

At Sun River they had not yet thought of building a Catholic Church. On the occasion of my first visit to that station, they told me that Mass would be said in the public school, which is used also as a Protestant meeting-house and a dance hall. I felt my blood begin to boil; I felt the full force of the text: "*Zelus domus tuæ comedit me.*" I told the Catholics I was willing this once to say Mass in such a place, but that I should never do so again. A zealous Catholic said to his neighbors: "The Father is right; it isn't proper that where Christ comes upon the altar, in the very same place soon afterwards a Protestant minister should mount up and mock at our sacred mysteries." We have repaired the old school-house, which had been abandoned, and which will do well enough for a church. This is the way I took possession of it: The door was not locked, the principal owner lived sixty miles away, and as many, especially Protestants, had contributed to build it, none of the Catholics dared to enter it first, through fear of the legal consequences. I led the way, fixed my altar, had the broken panes supplied, and the whole place cleaned up. The next Sunday, Mass was celebrated there. Then, with a Catholic guide, I went to all those who had helped to erect the building, and asked them if they were willing to cede whatever right they had in it to the Catholic congregation, and all, Protestants, as well as Catholics, subscribed their names to a paper of renunciation, which I had prepared, so that we came home part owners of the school-house. Then I had a new lock put on, and took charge of the key. Shortly afterwards the principal owner, who was an excellent Catholic, wrote that he would sell his share in the building at a low figure. The legal transfer will be

made as soon as possible, and thus Sun River will begin to have a Catholic Church. The church is all made of wood, but after some years, aided a little by the Propagation of the Faith, one will be constructed of stone or bricks. I wish to introduce the Sisters as soon as possible, for at present the children are obliged to go to a Protestant school. A thousand good wishes to Yr. Rev.

R^ae^ V^ae^ Hum^mus^ Servus,

P. P. PRANDO, S. J.

V.—LAKE SUPERIOR.

Letter of Father J. Hébert.

RIVIÈRE DU PIC, Dec. 30th, 1880.

REVEREND FATHER,

P. C.

As the account of my missionary travels and adventures seems not altogether uninteresting to you, I am going to jot down whatever happened worth remarking in my journey of last spring.

I left the Mission, March 14th, taking the route of Silver Islet, intending to spend St. Patrick's day with the Irishmen in the vicinity. An Episcopalian minister from Prince Arthur's Landing happened to be my "compagnon de voyage" as far as the mine. He was extremely courteous and sociable, and praised very highly my predecessor in these missions, wondering greatly at the long and painful journeys which he made for many years.

In the course of his remarks he said that whatever be the opinion one may hold regarding the controverted point of the celibacy of ministers of the Gospel, there is no question that the missionaries of Lake Superior should be unmarried men. I perceived he had sent ahead his wife and eight children, that he might hide the sense of discredit and shame which the contrast between him and the Catholic priest, whose praises he was sounding, made him feel. He spoke of his father, also a minister, but a Presbyterian, and

said that he was wrong in not admitting the Episcopacy, as it was clear that the order existed in the Primitive Church.

We were traveling on snow-shoes. I carried a burthen heavy enough on my back. He was unimpeded by any luggage; nevertheless, I was often obliged to halt and let him rest, and in spite of all he was barely able to reach Silver Islet. Imagine what a suitable target for the flying shot of Irish pleasantry!

The morning after St. Patrick's day, I departed for the further end of Thunder Bay, where I should meet two young Indians of the Mission, who were to accompany me as far as Red Rock. I walked all day long alone, by no means a very pleasant occupation. It was about sunset, and though but a short distance from the rendezvous, not a soul could be seen; neither could I discern any smoke, which would indicate the presence of a human being. I felt a little anxious and uneasy, for it was rather cold, and I had neither axe to cut wood, nor blanket for the night. By and by, I saw some one come and draw water from the Bay; things grew brighter, and my fears disappeared.

It took us three days to reach Red Rock. At night, before sleeping, we built a large fire; then we drew in our beds as near as prudence allowed, and sometimes a little nearer. One morning, on awakening, I found my blanket of hare skins half burnt; yet that had not awakened me. Before arriving at our destination I was painfully made aware of what snow-blindness—*mal de neige*—is. I had often heard people talk of it; but then, for the first time, I had personal knowledge of how much it makes one suffer.

After spending a few days at Red Rock to give the Catholics an opportunity to make their Easter duty, I set out for Népigon. It was on Good Friday I started, hoping to reach the Fort for Easter. But we were still sixty miles away when the feast came, for the roads were very bad and our dogs rather lean. Easter Sunday morning the weather was beautiful. The sun shone out magnificently, and scarce a breath of wind was stirring. Everything seemed to bid me say Mass. I did, but scarcely had I begun, when I regret-

ted it. Every breeze, how light soever, that passed, lifted a cloud of ashes and dust that covered my little altar. I no sooner removed to a respectable distance on one side, than I got just as much from the other. Finally, I finished, very thankful for having been able to say Holy Mass, but just as thankful for having finished.

We arrived at the Fort the last day of March. I had been there in January to visit the sick, and had baptized a family of seven persons, all infidels. This time I remained there five days, which were pretty well taken up in the exercise of the holy ministry. I quitted it, April 5th, in the evening, accompanied by a half-breed and a savage, who were to make the complete tour with me. Mr. Henry De la Ronde sent along some of his men to escort us some distance. We walked on snow-shoes, and as fast as we could, day and night, from the 5th to the 10th, stopping only a couple of hours towards midnight to see an Indian family. I had to baptize one child and hear some confessions. Towards noon we had come to Negodinong, about which I have already written you. Thence, we went to Obabikang, where we were left by our escort, who returned to the Fort. I left on the 9th for Onamani-Saging, which I had never visited but once in the spring of 1877, with R. P. Du Ranquet. I found there five families of pagans and one of Christians, in all twenty-five persons. As I was approaching I saw coming towards me a savage, till then very much attached to pagan superstitions. He smiled good-naturedly. This seemed the forerunner of good things. As my stay there was necessarily to be of the shortest, I began right away talking to the pagans of the religion of Jesus Christ. I found them exceedingly well disposed. I set about instructing them without delay, and the catechism was not shut once while I was there. Sunday evening, April 11th, I baptized ten children, and next day ten grown-up persons. I had forgotten to ask them to give up the objects of their superstitious practices, and especially their *Matchimastikiki*—evil medicine—but a Christian reminded me of it. All were ready except one young man, to whom

it seemed a little hard. He gave in, however, without my asking twice. How pleasant it was to burn these little coils of bark, that did the work of the devil! I bade them adieu, my heart filled with gladness, thanking the good God for taking pity on those poor savages.

After this, I left Lake Népigon to go to Lake Long, taking a route I had never before followed; it obliged me to make a long roundabout march before getting there. Here's why I did it: in the spring of 1879, I saw at Lake Long two savages that came from some place they called *Agoki Sagaigan*, and who brought two little boys that they wanted baptized. After finding out pretty well where they lived, I promised to go and see them before long, if possible. From that time I had not ceased thinking of the trip. At last I undertook to make it. We began to go up a river named *Obabikang*, which is very rapid, and the ice was already giving way. Twice I missed my footing, and barely escaped falling into the river. After three days we came to a Lake called *Gàhionidjegense Sagaigan*. We had a good deal of bad weather, thunder and hail, so we stopped at the hut of a Canadian half-breed, Joseph Lagarde, who took us in kindly, which I was all the more thankful for, as I desired to spend a part of the spring around there, while waiting the breaking-up of the ice and the opening of the rivers. We stayed twenty-three days there, and had a good deal to suffer from the cold and smoke, not being able to make a fire, except outside our cotton tent. However, I was able to say Mass every day, and every evening we had prayers in common. I baptized while there ten infidels and two of the half-breed's children. It was here also I came nigh getting drowned. Going out one day a short distance from the camp, to take a look at the road we were to follow, I struck across a little bay, where it seemed some one had lately walked. I was soon sorry enough for my steps; I sank through the ice to my knees, and then up to my waist. Had I not had my gun along, it would have been all over with me. I held it in front of me, the ends resting on either side on the ice. Getting at length on my feet

again, and walking cautiously, I was able to get on terra firma safe and sound.

On the 8th of May we left. On the 15th we discovered a family encamped on the bank of the Agokisihi. We approach and are heartily welcomed. They happen to be near relations of one of my companions. The family comprises father, mother and two children. I told them that, as it was late, and the next day was the great festival of Pentecost, we would not continue our journey till Monday. They seemed right glad. Encamped near them, I was able to see them often. After asking the help of the Holy Ghost, I propose to them our Holy Faith. They are not averse. I begin instructing, and next evening I baptize the children, and on the following morning the father and the mother. I then take leave of them promising to return next summer. They told me that I would soon come up with two families, relatives of theirs; and so it fell out, for that evening we sighted their cabins. We get the same warm reception here as before. That night we set our net in the river, and next morning hauled in forty large pike. That same day (April 12th) we and the savages with us reached Lake Agoki. On the opposite side were the poor people for whom I had undertaken this long voyage. For five days I instructed the little band with us, and then baptized them all. During this time we were anxiously listening for a signal from the opposite shore. At last, we resolved to cross, but there was no one there. The 23rd (Feast of the Holy Trinity), the weather being very fine, I said Mass. We discharged our guns three times to let them know where we were, but there was no reply. We became somewhat anxious, for we were totally ignorant of the position of Lake Long, and of the route to be taken to get there. During the 24th and 25th, we coasted about the Lake, hoping to meet some one; but no. My men were rather downcast, and went out gloomily to stretch their nets. Soon they came back smiling, and told me that the long-looked-for savages were encamped not far away. Things seem cheerful again. Straightway we went to pitch

our tent near them. As Indian etiquette demands among friends a general shaking of hands all around, I was able to form a pretty close estimate of their number. They form a pretty large band, and are not at all badly off for savages. That evening we had prayers, and quite a number attended. The ground where we tented was rather low, and it rained all night, so that on awakening in the morning I found I was lying in the water. After Mass I had some conversation with a few of the men, and learned that they had nearly all been baptized by the Protestant minister, at least all the men, for the women and children were yet infidels. Having cautiously tried their dispositions, and calculated the length of time I was able to pass among them, I concluded to put off till later all efforts at conversion. However, I asked to baptize the children, and they allowed it. I baptized seven. I should have done the same to six more, but an unfortunate circumstance had kept them at three days' distance from there. I placed in their hands prayers written in Indian, with letters invented by a Protestant Bishop. I was forced to learn this writing, the better to fight the devil on his own ground.

The 26th, a few of the band going out to have a look at their traps, brought back three bears. They gave us a part; that same evening the three bears had disappeared, swallowed in the abyss of their awful stomachs, *in gurgite vasto.* Not to slander them, I should say that two of the brutes were not very large. The 27th, I was informed that one of the women had been attacked by the colic. I wasn't surprised, considering the amount of bear she had eaten. 'Twas then, the panacea which the genius of PERRY DAVIS bequeathed to suffering humanity, brought relief to the woman of the forest.

Passing by Lake Manito, of which I spoke in my last letter, I called upon the Lagarde Band, and baptized two children. They thought that I was in a great hurry to leave them. I promised to see them again in the fall, but it was impossible for me to do so. Father Gagnon and I will make amends to them in a few days. I reached Lake

Long on the 1st of June in the evening. The Indians had been expecting me for some time. I had plenty of work in hearing the confessions of the many Christians there. These confessions are difficult and slow, as the people are poorly instructed.

I remained only six days at this place; and during my stay I baptized ten persons. There are only twenty there who still remain pagan. If I could have prolonged my visit, I think that more would have received Baptism; but I was obliged absolutely to reach Le Pic by the 12th, to meet Mgr. Jamot, in accordance with an agreement made a year ago.

Consequently, leaving Lake Long on the 8th of June, I arrived at Le Pic on the 12th, where I found Monseigneur and Fr. Chambon. They had been there two or three days; they had not been idle, but their limited acquaintance with the Indians prevented them from accomplishing much, and they had been waiting for me to begin the business in earnest.

In spite of all the misery that had gone before, and although I was fagged out, the hardest labor of the trip was now before me; because only a short time could be given to each station, and the work to be done was considerable; and for these reasons they had been waiting so anxiously for my coming.

From three and a half A. M. until ten or eleven at night, I had scarcely time to take my meals. This is the order of the day: P. Chambon and I said a very early Mass, and then were in the confessional until the Bishop's Mass, which took place about seven o'clock. After Mass the Bishop gave instructions and advice to the Indians, which I interpreted. Whenever a sufficient number had been prepared, he administered Confirmation after Mass. From dinner-time, which was at noon, we were employed in explaining the catechism and in hearing confessions. Several times we had to accompany the Bishop, when he went to confirm the sick in their tents. Catechism and confessions filled up the afternoon. The Indians also had some meetings in re-

gard to the establishment of schools, etc., to which they invited Monseigneur, and which necessitated my presence. Then petitions to the government had to be drawn up. Finally, in the evening, the Breviary had to be finished, and little time tables made out for the Indians; so that it was well on to midnight before we could get to bed.

By far the greater part of the Michipicoton Indians remain at the Fort for a very short time, and so we judged it best to go there without delay. Before carrying this plan into execution, some thirty Indians were confirmed, who had come from Lake Long with the furs of the Hudson Bay Company. With regard to these savages, I ought to say that it was wonderful to witness the action of the Holy Spirit upon their simple and sincere hearts; it manifested itself in their looks and words. How glad they were to have come to Le Pic, where they had seen so many things to excite their admiration! Father Chambon remained at Le Pic.

It took only a day and a half for us to reach Michipicoton, one hundred miles from Le Pic. It was on the 10th of June. I told you in a former letter that this is the stronghold of Methodism. We resolved, then, to make a longer stay here than elsewhere. Mr. Bell, the *Bourgeois* of the Hudson Bay Company, received us kindly, and insisted upon the Bishop taking up his quarters at the Fort.

Our days were filled with the occupations that I have described above. There were meetings in regard to a school and petitions were drawn up. On Sunday, the 20th, nearly all the Methodists came to Mass and Vespers. After Vespers, as it was fine weather, they stretched themselves upon the grass near the church. The Bishop entered into familiar conversation with them, and almost all of them seemed to be favorably disposed. Nevertheless, only ten returned to the true fold; let us hope that there will be better success next summer.

Sixty-five were confirmed here. The Bishop expressed his satisfaction at all that he saw, and congratulated them on their handsome little church, their school-house and general progress.

Leaving Michipicoton after dinner on the 23rd, we came back tired out to Le Pic, which we reached at 5 A. M. June 25th. Here we were even more busy than at the place we had left, for the Indians are more numerous. Many approached the Sacraments; one hundred and sixty-eight persons were confirmed; several pagans were baptized, and also some Methodists.

On the 28th we started for Red Rock, and reached it on the 30th, after a journey of one hundred miles. We thought it better to give the Mission at Népigon first, and having set out next day, we camped on the evening of July 1st near the Népigon *Brigade*, composed partly of Christians and partly of pagans. All assisted at the instruction; then came the confessions, rendered troublesome by clouds of mosquitoes; next day, communion, and twelve persons confirmed. Proceeding forward, we were delayed nearly a whole day by contrary winds at Lake Népigon. On the afternoon of the 3rd we sailed twelve miles before reaching the Fort, under circumstances that I shall not be apt to forget. It was a dead calm, but towards the west the sky was covered with black clouds, which began to pile up and hurry towards us. Before undertaking the passage, Alexandre De Sukonde, who has sailed on every sea, turned towards Monseigneur, as if to ask him for directions. He gave a sign to go on, and we started. I must confess that I was not quite at ease, expecting a squall to spring up at any moment. Happily, we were spared, and escaped with a thorough drenching. We could not reach the Fort until next day, and had to camp out at a short distance from it. The warmth of our reception made up for all we had gone through. Our stay here was to be short, for P. Chambon was to remain after our departure. We set to work, as at the other places, and by the 6th a great many had confessed and received Holy Communion, and ninety-six had been confirmed; besides, five pagans received Baptism.

Quitting the Fort on the 7th, we reached Red Rock, after a journey of one hundred miles, on the 8th.

Three days here—crowds for confession—ninety-five con-

firmed. I was worn out completely, and was suffering from a bad cold. We left Red Rock on the 12th; bad weather and foggy; 13th, reached Silver Islet; the few Indians there came to confession, and eight were confirmed on the 14th. We got back to the Mission that evening. This, Reverend Father, is an imperfect description of my tour for 1880. During the four months that it lasted I baptized ninety persons, of whom the greater number were infidels, Monseigneur, P. Chambon and I having a share in the Baptisms after I had joined them. You see that I have good reasons for thanking the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to which I attribute the success of my labors, as well as the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, to whose powerful intercession I am so much indebted. Help me to make suitable returns for these favors. Regards to all acquaintances at Woodstock.

R^ae V^ae inf. in X^to Servus,

J. HEBERT, S. J.

SAN XAVIER DEL BAC, ARIZONA.

A SKETCH OF THE MISSION, WITH A DESCRIPTION OF ITS CHURCH.[1]

What is the history of this mission? How old is its church? Who built it? These are questions often asked by strangers, who do not fail to go to San Xavier del Bac[2] as soon as they have visited the old Presidio, to-day the growing city of Tucson.

The San Xavier Mission, which is situated in the Santa Cruz valley, nine miles south of Tucson, was established by the Jesuit missionaries for the Papago[3] Indians towards the end of the seventeenth century.

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[1] Condensed from an account written by "A Missionary of Arizona," published last year in pamphlet form at San Francisco, and sold to aid in the completion of St. Mary's Hospital.

[2] The word *Bac*, in the language of the Aborigines, means a place where there is water.

[3] *Papago*, according to the explanation given to us by one of the Indians of San Xavier, means "hair cut," the sign by which, formerly, those converted to the faith were distinguished.

The Jesuits, who had missions in Sinaloa since 1590, reached Sonora on the 13th of March, 1687, with Father Kino as Superior. In 1690 four missions had already been established in Sonora, and were visited by Fr. Juan Maria Salvatierra, who had been sent from Mexico as Visitor. During this visit FF. Salvatierra and Kino were invited to go to their rancherias or villages, by some Indians, who had come from a distance of over one hundred and twenty miles—the region where subsequently were established the Missions of Tumacacori and San Xavier—and so earnest were their demands, that the missionaries changed their itinerary, and followed them as far as Guevavi, where they founded the first mission[1] which was established in the country now called Arizona.

As for San Xavier, we have not seen any record of its first start as a Mission. What we know is that, in 1692, the missionaries were visiting the different tribes of the western part of the country, and that in 1694 they established two missions on the Gila River. But from these facts, can we not infer that the San Xavier Mission was already existing, especially when we know that it was the strong wish of the Papago Indians to have missions established in their villages? Moreover, the location which the actually existing church occupies, and the rich and extensive valley by which it is surrounded, must have attracted at once the attention of the missionaries. We can, then, safely suppose that this mission was established soon after that of Guevavi, if not at the same time. Nevertheless, San Xavier had no resident priest for several years after its establishment, but was attended from Guevavi. The first church was a small adobe building, the most easily erected to meet the wants of the new Mission. The fragments of records we have found in the church give us an idea of the population that lived in the vicinity, by the number of Baptisms that were yearly administered from 1720 to 1767. This population must have been considerable. We find in the same books that twenty-two Jesuit missionaries suc-

[1] This Mission, now abandoned, was situated in the southern part of Arizona, near the frontier of Sonora.

cessively administered at San Xavier between the dates mentioned, the last of which was that of their expulsion by the Spanish government. The missions they had established during their stay in the province of Sonora were twenty-nine in number, consisting of seventy-three Indian pueblos, as is stated in the *Rudo Ensayo*, a geographical description of Sonora, written in 1762 by one of the Jesuit Fathers. The Mission of San Xavier was one of the most flourishing in Sonora under the care of the Jesuits, and the loss of these missionaries could not but affect it very seriously, as well as all the others.

In 1767, the Marquis de Croix, Viceroy of Mexico, made an application to the guardian of the Franciscan College of Santa Cruz de Queretaro, Mexico, requesting him on the part of King Charles III, to send fourteen, or at least twelve priests of his Order to take charge of the missions of Sonora. The petition was granted, and on the 27th of March, 1768, after a long and painful voyage, the fourteen missionaries asked for landed at Guaymas. Soon after, they proceeded to San Miguel de Horcacitas, where they fixed the headquarters of their labors. Amongst the missions that were considered important enough to require the presence of a priest was that of San Xavier, to which was assigned one of the new missionaries, the Rev. Francisco Garcez. We must here mention that the missions had passed through many trials from their establishment to the time the Jesuit Fathers were compelled to abandon them. The most severe of all was a revolt of the Pimas and Ceris, which broke out in 1751 and lasted over two years, causing the death of several missionaries, and obliging the others to temporarily leave their missions until better times should come. This revolt subsided in 1754, as is shown by the following note extracted from the records of Tubac:

"On the 21st of November, 1751, all this Pima nation rebelled, and deprived this Mission of its spiritual adviser until now, 1754, in which year the Indians have returned to their pueblo, meaning, as they say, to live peaceably. And for the authenticity of this writing, I sign it.

Francisco Paner.

The priest who wrote this note was then alone in the missions of the northern part of the province, as we see by the different visits he made at that time from Tubac to San Xavier and Tucson. The Baptisms he administered the same year in these missions are: for Tubac, 49; for Tucson, 50; and for San Xavier 43.

The missions which had escaped going to complete ruin during this revolt were hardly started again when the Jesuits were expelled. No wonder that Father Garcez found San Xavier in a pitiable condition. This mission, says A. Velasco, in his *Noticias Estadisticas*, was very poor when the missionary took possession of it. It was lacking the means necessary not only to support a priest, but even to furnish the most essential things for the worthy celebration of the sacred mysteries. But these difficulties could not deter the new Apostle from his undertaking. As he aimed only at the spiritual welfare of the Indians, he thought but very little of his personal comfort. His zeal won the admiration of the Indians, as they saw him accommodate himself to their customs; his bed was the bare ground, and for covering he had nothing but his clothes; his food was that of the Indians; his breakfast consisted of a cup of *atole* (corn mush); instead of bread, *tortillas* (pancakes), and some dish of wild plants, such as sow-thistle, and occasionally roasted corn, made up his whole fare. He never used tobacco in any shape, but carried it always with him in order to gratify the Indians.[1] Such a mortified way of living was evidently imposed upon him originally by circumstances; but Father Garcez did not improve it when things were better regulated, and when a certain amount of provisions was regularly furnished by the government to the missionaries. All he could get in the way of sugar, chocolate and other supplies, was carefully stored and kept for his Indians. These articles were partly issued to them as delicacies, and partly sold to purchase agricultural implements. By this liberality he won the affection

[1] These details about F. Garcez are extracted from the *Corona Serafica del Colegio de Santa Cruz de Queretaro*, Mexico, 1792, which gives the history of the missions of Sonora during the administration of the Franciscan Fathers.

of the Indians. During his stay at San Xavier (1768–1778), he visited several times all the Indian tribes of Arizona, and prepared almost all of them to receive missionaries, had these been sent to them. But owing to a want of material resources, or rather to a lack of energy on the part of the military authorities, two new missions only could be established during his life, and under his leadership. These are the Immaculate Conception, and St. Peter and St. Paul, which were opened in March, 1778, on the Colorado River.

The date, 1797, which is seen on one of the doors of the Church of San Xavier, is, according to the tradition, the date of the monument's completion, the building of which had required fourteen years. This is confirmed by the testimony of a few persons whom we have seen since we have been living in Arizona, and who assert that they assisted at the dedication of the church.

Who are the priests that built it?

No mention has been made of their names in any of the records we have met with, nor did those true sons of the humble St. Francis put on the walls any mark that could manifest their personal merit to future generations. What they did was to place the coat of arms of their Order on the frontispiece of the church, as if to say to us: We, unknown to you, poor religious of St. Francis, have built this for you; pray for us!

Nevertheless, if the tradition be right about the time spent for the building of the church, we can raise the veil of humility by looking at the names of the missionaries of whom mention is made in the church records during the said period. According to this tradition, the present church, which was built near and to replace the old one left by the Jesuits, was commenced in 1783, and, as inferred from the books, under the administration of the Rev. Balthasar Carillo, whose name is mentioned in said books from May 22d, 1780, to 1794. His successor, as Superior of the Mission, was the Rev. Narciso Gutierres, who remained in charge until 1799. From these considerations, we may safely conclude that it is to the above-named priests that we are in-

debted for the too much dilapidated, but yet elegant and rich church of San Xavier, which attracts the attention of every visitor to Arizona.

It may be asked what were the means the missionaries had at their disposal for the erection of such structures as those, the remains of which are seen at San Xavier, Tumacacori and other places?

According to the writers of the *Rudo Ensayo* and the *Noticias Estadisticas*, the churches were built with the sole product of the land, assigned by the government to each mission, which was cultivated by the Indians under the direction of the priests. To this resource we might add the product of the live stock, and also what the missionaries were able to spare of the scant allowance of provisions issued by the government, amounting yearly to $300 for each one. This explains why the building of the churches required so long a time, and also why some of them remained unfinished in parts.

We will here say a few words about the dealing of the missionaries with the Indians, and about the way they taught them, little by little, the manners of a civilized life. We will only give some particulars received about San Xavier, from men who saw the Fathers at work and who were employed by them, as foremen, in the different labors carried on in this Mission. The Indians were free to work for themselves or for the church; to cultivate their own fields or the church land, with this difference, that the former had to look for their maintenance, while the latter were supported by the Mission. Those who worked for the Mission depended on it for food and clothing, not only for themselves, but for their families. For that purpose provisions were stored in the mission house, and distributed in due time. Early in the morning the Indians had to go to church for morning prayers and Mass. Breakfast followed. Soon after, a ring of the bell called the workmen to the atrium, a little square place in front of the church, where they were counted by one of the priests and assigned to the different places where work was to be done. When the

priests were in sufficient number, they used to superintend the work, laboring themselves, otherwise they employed some trustworthy Mexicans to represent them. Towards evening, a little before sundown, the workmen were permitted to go home. On their arrival in the houses, which surrounded the plaza, one of the priests, standing in the middle of this plaza, said the evening prayers in a loud voice in the language of the tribe. Every word he pronounced was repeated by some selected Indians who stood between him and the houses, and lastly by all the Indians present in the tribe. Notwithstanding these orderly measures, many of the Indians fled every day from their respective squads before reaching the place where they had to work, and tried only to be present at meals. Nevertheless, these are the men who, by their work, enabled the missionaries to build their churches and houses, learning at the same time how to earn their living in the future. That the Indians must have been happy under such a rule, nobody can doubt, and San Xavier, owing perhaps to the vicinity of the Presidio of Tucson,[1] became afterwards one of the most flourishing missions under the administration of the Franciscan Fathers. It continued progressing until the year 1810. Then was heard, all over the territory of New Spain, the cry of Independence.

Very soon the government commenced to feel embarrassed financially, and the annual help allowed to the missions failed to come in due time, and, in many instances, failed to be paid at all. From this time they had to suffer, more or less, year by year, until the last stroke was aimed at them by the expulsion of their missionaries, which followed the fall of the Colonial government in Mexico, December 2nd, 1827.

Here ends the history of the Indian missions. By the fall of the Spanish domination and the expulsion of the Franciscans, the Indians remained without any protection. They could not but miss at once the support they were

[1] This Presidio was established some time after the revolt of the Pimas, either to prevent any subsequent rebellion on the part of these Indians, or to protect them against their cruel enemy, the Apaches.

wont to receive from the church. In a very short time, many of them, finding themselves without any resources, commenced to scatter here and there, and to return gradually to the customs of their former Indian life. Then followed the destruction of the live stock left by the missionaries, and the settlement by the soldiers and Mexican people on the mission lands. Thus the population of the missions commenced to be a mixed one.

The Indians who formed the population of the Mission were the Papagoes, who belong to the large tribe known by the name of Pimas, still scattered over a great portion of Sonora and Arizona. Those living in the southern part of Sonora were called Indians of the Pimeria Baja, while those who had settled on what has since become Arizona, were designated by the name of Indians of the Pimeria Alta. The latter were always more exposed to the attacks of the Apaches, as they were too far from the presidios, or military posts, to receive any protection from them. Owing to this fact, they were all good warriors, and succeeded not only in defending themselves, but many times in preventing the enemy from molesting others.

These Indians, though barbarous in their customs, and inclined to the use of intoxicating liquors, which they made from several kinds of wild fruits,[1] were industrious, thrifty and more sociable than the other Indians living in the missions. Their moral character was excellent. Previous to the establishment of the missions amongst them, they had a knowledge of the sacredness of marriage, as they kept it always in its unity and perpetuity. They were so strict on this point that the woman who committed adultery was punished with death. As far as we know, and have been told by several persons, the same rule is in force yet among the Papagoes. It is also said by many who are acquainted with these Indians, that they are the most virtuous people in the world. As for the other tribes, it is but too well known that they have greatly changed their former feelings about morality since they have been in contact with the

[1] The most noxious of these liquors was that made of the elder tree berry.

white people. The Indians are generally chaste in their language, neither do they curse or use any profane words. The number of the Indians living at San Xavier can only be approximately calculated, as many of them do not remain in the pueblo after the harvest of the wheat. Those who are steady in residing are about five hundred in number, forming, as it were, two villages, each one having a special chief. As for the total number of Papagoes living in Arizona, it is estimated to be about five thousand. Amongst the customs which were observed by the Indians there is one worthy of mention which still prevails in the Papago tribe, and this is, the purification practised for forty days by any Indian who has killed any one, whether with just reason or not. During this time he cannot reside in the pueblo, but must remain out in some place where his relatives will carry him the food he needs, and leave him alone. It is only after the purification time is over that the Indian can be received back into the tribe to be treated as a brave, if the man he has killed was an enemy.

As regards the modern history of the Mission of San Xavier, we have but little to say. As a consequence of the expulsion of the Franciscans, the secular priests being very few in the province of Sonora, it was condemned to remain without a resident minister for a long time. It is true, it was never abandoned, as the Bishop of Sonora had it put under the charge of the parish priest of Magdalena; but, owing to the distance and the danger from the Apaches, the visits of the priest were only on rare occasions. This state of things lasted until 1859, when Arizona was aggregated to the diocese of Santa Fé, New Mexico, whose Bishop, the Right Rev. J. B. Lamy, made it his duty to have the new field opened to his labors, provided with some priests at once. The first priest sent thither was Rev. J. P. Machebeuf, at present Vicar-Apostolic of Colorado. He found the Church of San Xavier, the only one which had not gone to complete ruin amongst all the missions of Arizona, still showing many unequivocal proofs of its former beauty. He saw, however, that the vaults of this tem-

ple had been greatly injured by leakage, and his first care was to have a coat of mortar put on the outside surface, in order to prevent any further damage.

The Indians of San Xavier had not entirely forgotten what they had been taught by the old missionaries. As soon as they knew that there was a priest amongst them, they rushed to the church and rang the bells to welcome him. They went to listen to his instructions, and brought their children to be baptized. In a very short time the missionary ascertained that they knew some prayers, and, to his great amazement, even two or three were able to sing at Mass, though not exactly according to the rules and notations of the Gregorian chant. This was more than was expected; but there was another agreeable surprise for the priest, when he saw the Indians bringing to him several church articles, which they had kept for years in their houses lest they should be stolen.

The Very Rev. J. P. Machebeuf spent only a few months in Arizona. It was with sincere regret that he left the country; but the report he made induced the Bishop to send another priest to it soon afterwards.

In March, 1864, the Bishop came to Arizona and made a pastoral visitation to the Mission of San Xavier, and to the new parish of San Augustin, at Tucson. These churches were administered at that time by FF. C. Mesea and L. Bosco, S. J. The next year the Papagoes agent, Col. C. D. Poston, applied to the Bishop for a Catholic teacher for these Indians. The teacher was sent, with three missionaries, also assigned to the missions of Arizona; but when he arrived at Tucson, Feb. 7, 1866, the Indian agent had left the country, and the school could not be started as intended—that is to say, as a school supported by the government. Nevertheless, the priest who then acted as Vicar-General in Arizona, determined to open a school at his own expense for the Indians until things could be regulated. This school was opened in the church, but owing to the negligence of the Indians, and to want of means, it lasted only a few months. No other school was established for

the Papagoes until September, 1873, under the administration of R. A. Wilbur as Indian Agent.

This school, supported at the expense of the government, was directed by three Sisters of St. Joseph. From its beginning it seemed that it would be a real success, and it proved so all the time it was in existence. Unfortunately, this time was too short. By order of the Department, the Papago Agency was consolidated with that of the Pimas on the 1st of April, 1876, and the school suppressed the same day. Though ignorant of the reasons for this order, we cannot but regret that it should have been issued. The Indians were pleased with the way the Sisters treated the children, as they have declared several times to the inspectors sent by the government to visit the Agency. Indeed, the Sisters did all in their power to make themselves useful in the tribe. Besides teaching the children, they visited the sick and took care of them during the leisure time left by the school. It was not long before a good number of the young Indians could make a fair show in spelling and reading. Gradually the teachers and pupils overcame the great difficulty of understanding each other, and it was no little pleasure for visitors to see the Sisters speaking now in English, then in the language of the tribe, and being answered by the pupils in either language. The teaching, besides reading, writing and arithmetic, embraced household work for the young girls. The Indian children were not very regular in attendance, still the classes were numerous enough to be conducted with success. Though the school lasted only a short time, it has not been fruitless. This can be seen by the manner in which some of the pupils have regulated their way of living since. From April, 1876, the Papago Indians have remained without a special agent. What the government gained by that we do not know; but what is obvious to all people acquainted with these Indians is that the loss has been for them. Being far from the agent to whose care they were committed, and left too much to themselves, too many of them have fallen back either materially or morally. In these late years they have indulged

freely in the use of strong liquors, which has been the cause not only of the squandering of the little money they had, but of many quarrels, ending, too often, in the loss of life.

Religious service is held at San Xavier regularly every other Sunday at nine A. M.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CHURCH.

The church, as can be seen by its arches, surpassing the semicircle and the ornamental work in low relief which covers the flat surfaces of some parts of its walls, belongs to the Moorish style.

The first thing to be noticed is the atrium, a little enclosure 66x33 feet, which separates the church from the plaza, and which was used, as we have seen, for the place of meetings relating to matters not directly connected with religion.

On the frontispiece, which shows the width of the church with its two towers, is placed, in low relief, the coat-of-arms of the order of St. Francis of Assisi. It consists of an escutcheon, with a white ground, filled in with a twisted cord and a cross, on which are nailed one arm of our Saviour and one of St. Francis, representing the union of the disciple with the Divine Master in charity and the love of suffering. The arm of our Lord is bare, while that of St. Francis is covered. On the right and left of the escutcheon are the monograms, I. H. S. and B. V. M. The frontispiece was surmounted by a life size statue of St. Francis, which has now gone pretty nearly all to pieces under the action of time.

The church, which is built of stone and brick, is 105x27 feet inside the walls. Its form is that of a cross, the transept forming on each side of the nave a chapel of twenty-one feet square. The church has only one nave, which is divided into six portions, marked by as many arches, each one resting on two pillars set against the walls. Above the transept is a cupola of about fifty feet in elevation, the remainder of the vaults in the church being only about thirty feet high.

Going from the front door to the main altar, there is on the right hand side wall a fresco representing the coming of the Holy Ghost upon the Disciples. Opposite to it is the picture, also in fresco, of the Last Supper. Both paintings measure about 9x5 feet.

In the first chapel, to the right hand, are two altars, one facing the nave, with the image of our "Lady of Sorrows," standing at the foot of a large cross, which is deeply engraved in the wall, and the other one with the image of the Immaculate Conception. In the same chapel are two frescos representing Our Lady of the Rosary and the Hidden Life of our Saviour. The opposite chapel is also adorned with two altars. One of them is dedicated to the Passion of our Lord, and the other to St. Joseph. There are also two paintings, the subjects of which are: Our Lady of the Pillar, and the Presentation of our Lord in the Temple.

The main altar, which stands at the head of the church, facing the nave, is dedicated to St. Francis Xavier. These altars, and especially the principal one, are decorated with columns and a great profusion of arabesques, in low relief, all gilded or painted with different colors, in the Moorish style.

Besides the images we have mentioned, there are the statues of the twelve Apostles, placed in niches cut in the pillars of the church, and many others, representing generally some saint of the Order of St. Francis. There are also in the dome of the cupola the pictures of several personages of the Order who occupied high rank in the Church.

Going again to the front door, there are two small openings communicating with the towers. The first room on the right, which is formed by the inside of the tower, is about twelve feet square, and is used for the ministration of Baptisms. There is a similar room in the left tower which is of no particular use now, but which corresponds to the mortuary chapel of the old basilicas. From each one of these rooms commence the stairs, cut in the thickness of the walls, and leading to the upper stories. Start-

ing from the baptistery, the second flight reaches the choir of the church. A good view of the upper part of the monument can be had from that place. Two flights more lead to the belfry, where are four rough and home-made bells of small size. Twenty-two steps more bring the visitor to the top story, and under the little dome covering the tower, an elevation of about seventy-five feet above the ground.

One of the towers was never completed; it lacks the dome and plastering from the second story above. Some people say that this was owing to the death of the principal builder, which must have occurred before the completion of the work. Some others believe that it was in order to avoid the payment of a tribute which, according to them, was due to the Pope by all finished churches. Neither one of these explanations is admissible; because the principal builders of this church were two brothers by the name of Gauna, who were subsequently employed to build the Church of Tumacacori; and because there is no mention whatever in history of any tribute to be paid to the Pope, by any church, whether finished or unfinished.

On the west side of the church, separated from it by a narrow passage, is an enclosure, with a small mortuary chapel, formerly used as a cemetery, at its western side. On the east side of the church is the mission building, which formerly occupied a somewhat extensive space, and consisted of the rooms necessary for the priests, of a soap factory and stores for the provisions. Besides, there were several farm houses on the mission land. Of these buildings there are now only two rooms, making a body with the church, and four extending south and facing on the church plaza.

All these rooms were repaired by the government in 1873, with the consent and under the supervision of the Bishop, and used as a school-house until 1876.

BRAZIL.

THE COLLEGE OF ITU.

PARA, January 22, 1881.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

In this letter I will endeavor to give you some news about the labors of our beloved Society in Brazil. In doing so, I shall try to be as brief, clear and exact as possible; but I do not know whether I shall be able to master the difficulty I find in expressing myself in your language.

I ought, first of all, say something about a college which our Spanish Fathers had some thirty years ago in the Island of Sta. Catharina. As I have no documents, and write from what I merely remember, I can fix neither the date upon which their college was opened, nor that upon which it was closed. All that I can say is that these good Fathers went to Sta. Catharina after their expulsion from Montevideo, and that their college flourished for a short time. Its temporary success was owing to the number of boys that came from Montevideo to attend its classes. The College was finally given up on account of the terrible Yellow Fever, which carried off many of the Fathers and some of the students. Those of Ours, who had survived the scourge, were called away by their Superiors. Meanwhile, they had done a great deal of good, and left among the inhabitants a very favorable idea of the Society, which proved of service to us at a later period.

Before proceeding with my narrative of another effort made to found a permanent College in Sta. Catharina, I must make short mention of the Mission of the German Fathers in Brazil. Its field of operations covered the extreme southern Province of the Empire, and was intended chiefly for the spiritual aid of the German colonists who

have settled in that region. Some of these Fathers were employed in the Capital, where they had their central Residence, whilst others labored in scattered districts of the interior.

In the year 1860, Don Sebastiao Larangeira, Bishop of Rio Grande do Sul, obtained from our Superiors some Fathers for his Seminary, and thus the Brazilian Mission passed to the Roman Province. These first Fathers applied themselves to their work with great fervor, and for a time things went on well; soon, however, they discovered that the difficulties with which they had to contend were almost insurmountable. The Superior himself lost courage, and withdrew to the Mission of the Spanish Fathers, in the Argentine Republic. While the other Fathers were also preparing for their departure, one of them chanced to hear that the people of Sta. Catharina were anxious to enjoy the privilege of a Jesuit College. This information was too important to be allowed to pass unheeded. The Father who had been the first to receive the good tidings was forthwith commissioned to investigate their truth, and was advised, in case the rumor proved true, to make offers of willingness to undertake the establishment of a College. He immediately began a correspondence with all those interested in the business, and soon had the happiness of receiving the desired permission.

It was at this time that Rev. Father Razzini, of the Province of Turin, was sent by V. R. Father General to be Superior of our Mission. Father Razzini afterwards went to California, and perchance passed through Woodstock on his way thither. He came to us invested with extraordinary powers. These extended even to the German Mission, which was in some manner united to ours for a few years. Eventually, it was separated from us, and is doing a great deal of good through its single College and a few small Residences.

As for us, the College of Sta. Catharina went on but poorly for a few years. This was partly owing to the poverty of the people of the Island, and of the whole province,

and partly to the difficulty of communication with the other provinces. Owing to these causes, we never had as many as twenty boarders at a time, and they often were as few as eleven. Our pupils at no period reached the number of fifty. Still, we were obliged by our contract with the government to teach ten different branches, although it was not a rare occurrence for each teacher to have but one scholar in attendance at his lesson. The most serious obstacle to our prosperity, and the one most sensibly felt was our want of funds, wherewith to carry on the College and to support ourselves. These were so low at times that we were often on the verge of actual want. The government gave us yearly for our services only three Contos de Reis, viz: fifteen hundred dollars of your money, and what the boys paid was not sufficient to maintain themselves. Although, under this condition of things, dejection was general, yet, thanks be to God, the spirit of Sacrifice did not fail in any of us. The Superior had resolved to abide by the contract, at any cost, for the stipulated ten years. Not so the government. The party that came into power in the year 1869 began a regular persecution against us for the furtherance of its political views, and strove to find some pretext to rescind the contract. With this purpose in view, its partisans claimed the right to visit our schools, examine our pupils, etc. As all this was done *ad malum finem*, and was a violation of the agreements made in the contract, the Rev. Fr. Rector protested and refused to open the schools to the official visitors. The consequence was that the government refused to pay the little sum it had promised. The Rector, finding it impossible to consult his Superiors, then made use of his discretional powers, and closed the College in March, 1870. To replace in some degree the College, which had lasted six or seven years, a Residence was opened, in which five or six Fathers are now stationed. Their missionary labors are very successful.

I fear that my description of the short and struggling life of the College of Sta. Catharina may lead you to believe it to have been productive of but little fruit. It would be

wrong to leave you under any such impression. The truth is, that while this College was in existence, it served as a medium for opening other Colleges, and especially that of Itu. Then, our Fathers were able to do much good by exercising the holy ministries, resistance was made to the spread of the errors which the Protestants were endeavoring to propagate, many sinners were converted, and some Freemasons were reconciled to the Church. Several of the latter died in the best dispositions shortly after their conversion, and we have good grounds to believe that they are in Heaven praying for us.

Of course our scholars did not fail to requite us for what we had done for them. Two of them became members of our Society, two others are good secular priests, and several others are living up to our teachings, more or less perfectly, in good situations in the busy world.

During the short life of the College of Sta. Catharina, Father Razzini opened two other Colleges, one in the capital of the Province of Pernambuco, another in a little town of the Province of St. Paul. I will first say a few words about the College of Pernambuco, and then give you the history of that of Itu, which still exists.

In 1865, the Bishop of Pernambuco applied to V. R. Father General for some Fathers to carry on his Seminary of Olinda. His request was granted, but in the following year the Bishop died, and our Fathers were in a short time obliged to give up their places in the Seminary. They immediately started a College in the same town, and tried by every means in their power to effect some good. The College, though not very large, was thriving until, as I told you in a former letter, it was attacked by Freemasons, May 14, 1873. After this the Fathers removed to a little village not far from the town, where they again opened the College in a house offered them by a friend. Fear of the Freemasons neither hindered them from making frequent visits to the town, nor from laboring for the benefit of religion, both in the town itself, in the Seminary, and surrounding districts. In the midst of discouragements, our Fathers worked

on cheerfully. They formed plans for the commencement of a new College, and hoped soon to establish a promising Mission in the interior of the Province, when Freemasonry resolved to vent its fury upon them once more. This time it decreed their expulsion, and the decree was inexorable. A revolt, most probably the work of Freemasons, gave them a fair occasion to put their resolves into execution. Our Fathers were calumniated, persecuted, cast into prison and brought before the tribunals, thence to be put on ship-board, where they were confined for two or three weeks, and then sent to Europe.

The motives cited, and explanations offered for this despotic conduct were as ridiculous as false. They were, indeed, well worthy of Freemasonry, whose despotism and barbarity know neither right nor justice. Perhaps these expressions may seem to you to be too strong, but were I to translate the decree of our expulsion, you would scarcely believe your own eyes. As for me, I am persuaded that historians in future ages will be puzzled to understand how any government of regular form could have been capable of issuing such an unreasonable decree. Hatred of religion will be the only motive power to which they can attribute this piece of anti-Christian fanaticism.

All of Ours did not leave Pernambuco at once. A few Lay-Brothers remained after the banishment of the Fathers. In a short time, however, the law having been enforced against them, they started for Portugal. One of the Fathers, a native Brazilian, was allowed, in company with a single Lay-Brother, to stay in Pernambuco. We hoped that between them they might be able to save what still belonged to the College, but, unfortunately, the Father was in a very sickly condition, and was therefore unable to prevent the wreck of our property. Our friends availed themselves of his illness to take for themselves whatsoever the greed of the Freemasons had spared.

It is said in Rome: "*Quod non fecerunt barbari, fecerunt Barberini.*" The adage proved true in the present instance. The College had a good library, which our friends plun-

dered in a friendly manner. Thus, the choicest works disappeared, and, of course, all search for them afterwards proved vain. Such was the end of the College of Pernambuco. The Brazilian Father who had been ordered to remain in the place, began to sink so rapidly that he was called to Itu, where he died shortly after his arrival.

I now proceed to sketch for you the varied and consoling history of the College of Itu, which, at its beginning, had to contend with greater obstacles than the other Colleges, whose short-lived career I have just traced. It seems destined by divine Providence to bring forth more abundant fruits than any of its predecessors.

While Father Razzini was striving to place the College of Sta. Catharina on a firm footing, he one day received an invitation to visit a good parish priest, residing in the interior of the Province of St. Paul, who was very desirous to have a Jesuit College in his neighborhood. As no railroads traversed the Province at the time (1864), Father Razzini was obliged to make the journey on horseback. After a long and tedious journey, he reached a small town, which had the good fortune to possess an old Franciscan missionary, who had preserved the majority of the inhabitants in the practice of religion and piety. There was also in the town a flourishing convent for girls, under the direction of some French Nuns.

In the year 1865, after all necessary arrangements had been made, two Fathers, a Scholastic and a Lay-Brother were sent to Itu, at the expense of the old parish priest. Acting up to their instructions, they left no means untried to open the College as soon as possible. The government for two years stubbornly refused to give the required permission.

While awaiting a favorable chance to put their primary intention into execution, Ours were not idle. They catechised, gave sermons and exhortations, besides hearing confessions. Our enemies could not endure the sight of our doing so much good. The bad newspapers raised a hue and cry against us, uttering all the old calumnies

against the Society. The result of all this noise was quite different from that intended, for it only served to make our Fathers better known and more highly esteemed. One of them, Father Anthony Onorati, a very learned and fearless man, as well as a good preacher and polemic, made a great name for himself by his disputations, and silenced every opponent. His reputation for learning was also accredited to all his Brethren by the popular mind. The following incident will serve to show how high this opinion was. One day an ignorant Freemason, happening to notice the letters I. H. S. on a curtain at the door of our Church, remained for some time in contemplation of them, evidently at a loss to discover their meaning. Finally, he exclaimed: "Ah! at length I have found the meaning! What pride! So, then, Jesuits alone are learned!" Being asked what was the matter, he answered: "Look here; they have written at the door of their Church, *Jesuitos Homines Sabios.* It is true, the Jesuits are learned, but not they alone."

In the midst of the talk and excitement about us, a miserable Brazilian Priest, who had become a Protestant and declaimed against Catholicity in many places, dared to come to Itu. Thereupon, Father Onorati began to preach against him, and to bring matters to a climax challenged the apostate to a public discussion. The wretched man, not expecting a reception of this nature, did not dare to come before an audience, and left with more speed than he had come.

The natural consequence of our efforts for the welfare of religion was to strengthen our influence with the population. In a short time our Church became too small to contain the crowds that flocked to hear the word of God. The Fathers, therefore, applied to his Lordship, the Bishop, for a larger edifice, which was immediately bestowed upon them. Then, too, their hopes that they might in the near future be able to build a College on a grand scale, were confirmed by the following curious history, coming, as it did, from the best authorities.

A native of the little town of Itu was one of the number of our forefathers who were expelled from Brazil by the notorious Pombal. This Father, out of love for his vocation, accompanied his Brethren to Italy. After the suppression of the Society, he was one day taking a solitary walk on the beach of some Italian bay, and meditating upon a plan for returning to his country, when a beautiful young man came towards him. The youth offered him a fine picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel; saying: "My Father, I know you wish to return to your own country, and that you have no means to do so. Be confident; in a short time a ship will arrive; she will take you gratis to the capital, and there you will find the means to reach your small town. Bring this picture thither; preach to its people the devotion to Our Lady of Good Counsel, and it will be their salvation." He then disappeared suddenly. His predictions were verified; the promised vessel did soon arrive. The Father returned to Brazil, and preached this devotion to the Blessed Virgin in the place of his nativity, where he built a little church, in which the picture is still kept and honored by the faithful. The good Father also opened a small College in a park, which had come into his possession. He left this property, the Church, College and park, to a young priest, with the understanding that it was to be transmitted to the Jesuits, who he predicted would come in future times to Itu and open a College. He moreover foretold that their College would be built joined to the Church, and that it would be prosperous.

You may be sure that we were much encouraged by this history. The will made by the Father was faithfully carried out, and we received the Church, College and park. Our Fathers found so many reasons against placing the College in the spot indicated by the prophecy, that they resolved to build where it best suited them. By a combination of circumstances, however, the Fathers were forced to do just as had been foretold.

When the College had been put up and was ready to receive scholars, the Government was still hostile to us and

would not allow us to carry it on, so we opened it in the name of a secular priest friendly to us. Within two years a law was passed granting the liberty of teaching to almost all persons. We availed ourselves of this to open the College in our own name.

I pray you be not offended if I stop here in my narrative for the present. With the help of God, I shall continue it in another letter.

Let me add, as an appendix to the RELIGIOUS QUESTION, which I treated in my last communication, that the unhappy Priest, who, by bringing about the discussion of this question, was the occasion of the persecution of the Church in the Empire, has made his submission to his Ecclesiastical Superiors. Some months ago, having been attacked by a disease of a serious nature, his eyes were opened to the dangers of his position, and, before receiving the Sacraments, he made a public retractation.

His conversion seems to be sincere, for having recovered from his illness, he confirmed his previous act of repentance by once more, much to the fury of the Freemasons, publicly retracting his errors. May Our Lord Jesus Christ grant him the grace of perseverance.

Remember in your prayers this poor country.

Yours,

RAPHAEL GALANTI, S. J.

MISSIONARY LABORS OF FATHER MAGUIRE AND COMPANIONS,

FROM JANUARY 9TH TO APRIL 10TH, 1881.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, JERSEY CITY.—The Mission was opened on the second Sunday of the month, and continued for two weeks. The missionaries were exceedingly well pleased with the successful ending of their labors. The work was hard, notwithstanding the gener-

ous and zealous help of their Brethren of the College in the confessional; for the sermons and instructions are a burden in themselves. It may be said also that the people hunt up a *commissioner* if possible for their confessions, thinking, no doubt, that his powers are more ample, or that he has some royal road to the hereafter quite unknown to ordinary priests. Hence, the poor missionary has little spare time on his hands from the beginning to the end of the Mission.

The weather for a part of the time was very inclement, and still the attendance was not less remarkable. The men not only attended well, but, what is more to their praise, came in larger numbers to confession. The Church is a large one, having accommodations during a mission, when he is lucky who gets standing room, for twenty-five hundred persons. Though a division of the sexes was made for the first and second week of the exercises, it was noticed on many evenings that the crowd was too great for comfort. To stand for more than two hours in a badly ventilated place, to be jostled, not to be able to fall to one's prayers with any satisfaction, requires considerable patience and a good supply of faith. And yet hundreds had to put up with all these inconveniences, in order to hear the night sermon.

Most of the people attending St. Peter's are poor, gaining their living in the service of the various factories and railroad companies that abound in this city and in New York. But it would be wrong to think that those of the congregation who are better off in this world's goods were less eager to take advantage of the Mission. All classes came. Many Protestants were present at the evening service, and especially at the lecture after the Mission was closed.

Our Fathers have had charge of St. Peter's for nine years or more. The parish was established many years ago, and has had its schools for a long time. Ours have done a great deal to improve the congregation. The College, a fine building, erected by the present Superior, Father

McQuaid, is already a success, as at present one hundred and forty students attend the classes.

Results: Communions, five thousand five hundred; Baptisms, nine; First Communion of adults, forty; prepared for Confirmation, ninety.

After the work in Jersey City was finished, Father Maguire, the leader of the missionary corps, was called to San Francisco to give a Mission in our new Church of St. Ignatius, the largest, perhaps, that the Society has in the United States. Fr. O'Connor, who went as Fr. Maguire's companion, will give an account, no doubt, to the readers of the LETTERS.

The other missionary Fathers were scattered during the interval to different cities, where they gave the exercises. Frs. Strong and McAtee gave missions in Pittsburgh and New York, which will be spoken of further on.

TROY, NEW YORK (March 6–14).—Our Fathers have two churches in this city, and are doing their work well, though, by reason of the class of people, iron workers, they have to deal with, there are many drawbacks.

Troy has about sixty thousand inhabitants. Iron foundries and collar and cuff factories are the chief support of the place. It is frequently a subject of remark that the laundry business of Troy is ahead of the whole country. Many attribute this superiority to the purity of the water. Judging from the number of liquor stores, one would think the people of the city are content to let the laundries monopolize the water.

Frs. Morgan and Bradley gave a nine days' Mission in the Church of St. Francis on Ida Hill, a suburb of the city. They had no reason to complain of any want of success. The pastor, Rev. Father Drum, a secular priest, rated the Easter Communions at nine hundred. The Fathers gave Holy Communion to eleven hundred persons before the Mission was over. Three hundred more Communions were given on account of the "Forty Hours" devotion, which followed.

Ten children of mixed marriages were baptized; two adults were received into the Church; two or three grown persons were prepared for First Communion.

Some remarkable conversions took place. An old woman who lost the faith fifty years ago, and was a shouting Methodist, came to the services through the persuasion of her friends. God's grace touched her heart during a sermon by Father Bradley on the "Marks of the Church," and she came to confession, prepared to do any penance for the scandal given by her apostasy. On another night, after a sermon on the mercy of God, a man advanced in life walked through the crowded aisle to the open confessional, where one of the Fathers was seated, and, kneeling down, said, "Father, I have come to renounce Masonry, which I have been connected with for twenty-five years. I have not been in a Church for twenty years." Such conversions are mentioned here, not because they are rare in Missions, but to show what may sometimes bring sinners to confession. These two persons had listened to the sermons on the great truths without much profit. And yet a Mission without the great truths would be like a soulless body—a dead thing.

Troy has suffered very much for the last six months from a virulent type of small-pox. The death rate has been unusually high, few recovering of those who were attacked. Fr. Drum, of St. Francis' Church, is the chaplain of the pest-house, which the city authorities, for good reasons, handed over to the Sisters of Charity. Many Protestants were sent to the pest-house during the small-pox epidemic. Their ministers, when summoned, to a man refused to attend them. Fr. Drum had the happiness of receiving most of these, thus abandoned by their hirelings, into the Church before they died.

St. Mary's, New York City.—Some one has said of New York that you might begin a Mission anywhere, even in the open air, and, at any time, and have a good attendance of the faithful. Be this as it may, it is certain that all the

services were crowded during the exercises in this church; and when it is added that many could not find even standing room during the night service, and were obliged to go away, one is merely telling the truth.

St. Mary's Church can hold an audience of three thousand persons. During the men's week it was a most edifying sight to see them ready to submit to many inconveniences to hear the sermons. They outnumbered the women at the Holy Communion. The crowning event of the Mission was when the three thousand men renewed their baptismal promises, with their right hands uplifted, a most thrilling spectacle.

The Mission lasted from March 27th to April 10th. Once the work began, there was no respite. The Fathers were kept in the confessional until eleven o'clock, and might have staid all night, for that matter, towards the end of the second week, as there would have been some always on hand for confession. Here, as in other places, the Fathers strove to increase the membership in the confraternities attached to the Church, and succeeded very well.

In an old established parish like St. Mary's, we expect to find schools, and such is the case. It is surprising, however, to find that many Catholics do not send their children to them, though the schools are good. In mixed marriages the children almost invariably go to the public schools.

Results: Communions, ten thousand; First Communion of adults, one hundred and eighteen; prepared for Confirmation, one hundred and seventy-five; Baptisms of adults, twenty-six; of children, six.

The missionaries look back with great satisfaction to their labors in St. Mary's, and feel how short they would have been of these high figures, unless helped by Fathers Keating McHugh and Pont, of Ours, and by the zealous clergy of the parish. J. A. M.

St. Vincent's, Baltimore.— The Mission began Feb'y 27th. It lasted two weeks. Fathers Finnegan, McHugh and Winkelreid gave it. There were four thousand six

hundred and fifty-three confessions, of which one thousand eight hundred and seventy were made by men. Ten converts were baptized. The parish has several variety theatres in it; two of them are only a few hundred feet away from the church. The admission being but ten cents, they are nightly filled with boys. A special service was for these boys; they filled the church, and with uplifted hands promised not to go to a variety theatre, etc., etc., nor to read flash newspapers.

The next Mission (of a week) by Fathers Finnegan and Winkelreid, was begun at Le Roy, N. Y., the third Sunday of Lent. There were nine hundred confessions. No one could but admire the faith manifested in this country parish. Many people, leaving the church after confession at ten o'clock at night, had to walk home four and five miles over bad roads and in cold weather. Numbers of Protestants attended the sermons, though, as far as known, there were not any conversions.

Immaculate Conception, New York.—The work began the fourth Sunday of Lent. It was opened by Fr. Denny, of St. Francis Xavier's College, whilst awaiting Frs. Finnegan and Winkelreid, who arrived the Wednesday of that week from Le Roy, to continue the exercises, which the pastor calls a retreat. The difference between it and a mission is only in the name, except, perhaps, that the zeal of the pastor is more conspicuous than it would be in a mission. The retreat lasted three weeks. The success did not seem very great, especially among the men; for of the two thousand and over that filled the Church every night of their week, not a thousand came to confession. These retreats take place twice a year, not counting the "Forty Hour's Devotion." Too often to be successful, one may add. There are seventeen thousand souls in this parish, which is one of the largest and the best of the city. The pastor is unique in the government of his people; no fairs, no picnics, no charge at the door for seats, and yet he manages to meet his liabilities, which are many. By actual

count, eight thousand communions were given. There were many consolations at the return of old sinners.

J. H. F.

General results: Communions, 35,903; First Communion, adults, 195; prepared for Confirmation, 338; Baptism of adults, 51; Baptism of children, 16.

MISSIONS IN THE CENTENNIAL AND GOLDEN STATES.

According to an agreement made by Superiors last August, it was arranged that some Fathers of the Province of Maryland-New York should conduct the exercises of a holy Mission, some time during the course of the year, in our magnificent new Church of St. Ignatius, San Francisco, California. Later, it was thought well to accept the invitation of Father Guida, S. J., of Denver, Colorado, and give, *en route*, an eight days' Mission in his new, pretty little Church of the Sacred Heart. And so, other circumstances proving favorable and the weather horrible, Fathers Maguire and O'Connor left Boston on the 1st of February, with great trust in God, but very little in the promises of *time tables;* or in the ordinarily reliable grit of iron wheel and steel rail; for these, with the intense cold, began to crack and break with an uncomfortable frequency.

'Westward we sailed;' through Massachusetts from the Atlantic to the Hoosac; from east to west, through York State, into and through the northwestern corner of Pennsylvania, that is washed by Lake Erie. When the missionaries passed there was no washing however, as old Erie was to all intents and purposes, as solid as the *firma terra* of Penn, the cold being just then — 28° Here the journey was broken,—and the wheels of the car, by the frost; and by a pretty plain interposition of Providence the whole train was saved from *ditching*, and many lives from being lost. Some of the wheels of one of the trucks of the sleeper broke to pieces as the train was speeding on. Contrary to his custom, the train-conductor was passing

through the sleeper at the very time, and felt the car jumping, in preparation for its sault from the track. He stopped the train immediately, and the evil was averted. Shortly after this they were landed for breakfast at Corry, Pa., the cold being fixed as before. This was not the regular meal station, and the dining-room was locked, the servants abed, and the hungry, freezing passengers in none the best of humors. Admitted, they found no fires, much delay, confusion among the *Cæsars*, who rushed round the tables, asking everybody wouldn't they have everything. A quarter of an hour, and nothing came, and then they asked again, "tea or coffee?" "I told you six times before," a gentleman ventured to remark. "Jes keep cool, sah!" Pompey rejoined—and the mercury twenty-eight degrees below! Ohio was traversed from its northeastern to its southwestern corner, the through car promise from Boston to Cincinnati, owing to the severe weather, being more than filled—as the through passage was made in *four* cars instead of one. A day's rest in the Queen City (?), a trip to Newport and Covington, Ky., to the Clifton Academy of the Sacred Heart, a thorough exploration of the beauties of the suburbs, the fine city, our splendid church and College of St. Xavier, and true brotherly hospitality of Ours—so many of them old Woodstockians—made the day's stay more than pleasant and fully taken up. Cincinnati had been reached twenty-two hours behind time. Thence a flight across southern Indiana and Illinois; over the great bridge that bestrides, like a Colossus, the Father of Waters: a rolling ride through St. Louis, and on Saturday night at the door of the University, our dear old Provincial, its present Rector, embraced and heartily welcomed his quondam subjects and always brothers. The. University grounds and buildings have a decidedly *Georgetown*-y appearance. Here, again, Woodstock is strong. Sunday was spent in sight-seeing: visiting every corner of the University, the fine Church of St. Joseph, the splendid site for the new University, the great bridge, and a thousand other objects of interest. Signs and wonders preceded and followed our visit to St.

Louis. A half million dollar fire broke out as we entered the city, the University building caught fire, while we remained, but was little damaged, and the church was burglarized the night before. On Monday the genial minister of the University took one of the visitors to the Novitiate at Florissant, where, by the way, the night before, they had gotten up a fire to anticipate the event, by burning down the old negro quarters, and where the fine establishment, with all its crowd of memories, had very little of the entirely new to the eastern traveler, as he had heard of them all from brethren whose Bethlehem Florissant had been. The quaint old creole town, the stations along the line of the Narrow Gauge, where we have missions, the old friends, the hearty pastor of Florissant and his gallant steed,—our note book and memory are too full even to mention half the detail.

That same evening was left St. Louis for Omaha, and the little party reached our fine establishment there, Creighton College, about noon the next day. Everything here is new and good. As is known, the College has been built and founded by a gentleman deceased, whose name it bears, and whose good works live after him in a most telling way. Would that older communities could honor the memory of such wise and munificent benefactors. In one day was seen the promising city of Omaha. It is full of thrift and push, and, during this visit, equally full of snow and slush. The street cars had to give up their regular trips, the snow was so deep, but a few were kept running with double teams to keep the track somewhat clear. Pedestrians were generously allowed to enter these cars for a few blocks' ride, free of charge; and thus the missionaries made part of their eight thousand mile pilgrimage a *free* ride. A very short but pleasant visit was made to the learned, esteemed prelate, the Right Reverend James O'Connor, brother of our lamented Father O'Connor, S. J., who presides over the rapidly growing prosperity of the Vicariate Apostolic. He is of opinion that Nebraska will soon be the great Catholic State of the Union. Catholics have a better foundation

there to build on, no mistakes have been made, no opposition offered, and the great State is teeming with richness, awaiting the coming possessors.

Omaha is the eastern terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad, and here is in fact begun the really new, fresh, wild, interesting part of the trip to the Pacific. The main stem of this road, for it has many branches besides, runs a distance of 1,032 miles, from the Missouri River entirely across the State of Nebraska, Wyoming Territory, and into Utah, as far as Ogden, its western terminus, near Salt Lake. On the Union Pacific, then, or the U. P., as it is invariably called —indeed all the roads in the Far West seem to be generally known by their initials—our little party embarked. It had been determined to leave this direct route for San Francisco at Cheyenne, in Wyoming, and go direct south, by the Colorado Railroad, one hundred and thirty-eight miles to Denver. This was done, and almost on time, although another serious accident took place, that might have been the destruction of the entire train. One of the axles of the car in which the Fathers were, snapped across, on account of the extreme cold. It was discovered in time, and only a few hours' delay resulted. In this part of the journey the traveler observes a great difference between what he has been accustomed to in the East and what he now sees, in the matter of fences, farm-houses, villages and towns along the route, trees and the like. There are, indeed, none of all these things, except at very rare intervals, and one steams along for hours, over plain and prairie, and there is nothing but plain and prairie, and the thumpedy-thump of the train, and the miles of snow outside, broken by the tufts of withered, tough prairie grass, that looks like furze,—and inside the cozy car, with its Noah's ark of occupants, if we only had space to name them. Oh! it is a comet's life, that of the tourist in a long trip like this. Dashing through states and territories that seemed really larger than ever would be thought of, from Mitchell's Atlas, touching a score of great cities in a day, that in a man's ordinary life he would not visit in a score of years,—and then

flying off again to others,—paying little more respect to the meridians of longitude than our little street arabs do to the rafters of houses in construction, over which they so lightly and quickly step; truly it is a flying, electric-*prism* life, that in the cars.

But we have notes that could fill volumes. Cheyenne was reached and Denver, and our beautiful little Church of the Sacred Heart there; and our party was soon at home in the hospitable little residence of good Father Guida, S. J., who has snugly ensconced himself and little community behind the church. This is cruciform, built of brick and stone, has a beautiful little spire, and generally is in good taste. There is a good parochial school, a nice little congregation forming, and everything to promise a rich harvest to Ours, for the greater glory of God. A Mission was begun here on Sunday morning, and though, owing to the smallness of the Church, the numbers attending were insignificant to those of other similar works in which the Fathers had participated; still, it was evident from the beginning that many of the right sort were there, who needed a Mission, and that the capacity of the little church was going to have an eight days' testing. During the week, at all the principal services, there were fine congregations. There were five sermons or instructions daily, as at the largest Missions, and confessions were heard all day. The Rev. Daniel Haugh, S. J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, temporarily residing at Pueblo, Colorado, came up to Denver and helped the missionaries for a couple of days, by hearing confessions and by the great pleasure they experienced in seeing him. Here also were met Very Rev. Father Gentile, Superior of the Mission, Fathers Aloysius Montenarelli and Charles Ferrari, now of Denver, formerly of Woodstock. On the second night of the Mission the Fathers had the pleasure of seeing the great celestial phenomena, visible on the night of Feb. 14th, in Denver and elsewhere. The whole sky was an azure silk, patterned with *many* silver *moons*, full and in crescent, with these joined into regular groups, by arcs of prismatic colors,

and the whole sky lit up with an unwonted radiance. And there was an intense cold. On first reaching Denver and for a day or two after, it was perceived that we felt a kind of oppression in the chest, akin to that suffered by one in asthma, though not so severe. It was remarked to one of the resident Fathers; oh! yes, he replied, almost every one visiting Denver feels something like that in the beginning. You know we are nearly six thousand feet higher than Boston, and though our climate is good for those with weak lungs, that have not been used to bleeding, it is injurious to those that are inclined to hemorrhage. For the air is so rare, one has to inhale much to get enough for respiration, and the extra effort opens the wounds of healed lungs, and a greater rent is made, as in the wind box of an overloaded, badly-mended bellows. Indeed, in a day or so, the strain passed away, and both the visiting Fathers, besides feeling very well, found that they did not *feel* the cold near as much as they would in less dry climates.

So the little Mission progressed. We found ourselves by degrees speaking a new language, about plazas and ranches and cañons, and our heads full of ideas concerning smelters, boulders, prospecting claims, ores and the like, and we made the acquaintance of many a hero, whose like we had never before met, outside of a dime novel: there was Ned of Bloody Gulch, Ralph of Pig's Ranche, Leadville Tarheel, and an army of the like. And after ten, thirty, sixty years in the Rocky Mountains, "widout ever bendin' a knee undher a priest," they made the Mission like men, and sobbed over their sins like tender hearted women, and they gave joy to the angels in Heaven and consolation to the missionaries. The celebrities of Denver and of the Colorado government were constant attendants at the Mission; about one thousand received Holy Communion, and several converts were left under instruction.

At the invitation of many, it was decided to give a lecture in the city on Sunday evening, the last day of the Mission. It was delivered in Walhalla Hall, Father O'Connor delivering the introductory, and Father Maguire the lecture.

The audience was certainly an enthusiastic one, and they gave the Fathers a hearty send off. Ex-Governor Gilpin, of Colorado, was present, and in conversation with the Fathers, after the lecture, having extolled in the highest manner the labors of Father De Smet, whom he knew well, said he hoped Providence would send many of Ours, who are being expelled from the old world, to the southwestern regions of this, to complete the great churches and to do the great works their predecessors of centuries ago began. Monday morning at seven o'clock found the missionaries again on the road for Cheyenne. The train had two locomotives, the front one with a giant snow plough; we repeat this fact, though we were charged with the authorship of a bull, when we wrote it once before to a friend, adding, that it was used for driving the sand from the track. In fact, there was but little snow in the way this day, but the wind, which is nearly always high about Cheyenne, blew so much sand on the track from the plains that, besides the plough, the train had to be stopped frequently and gangs of men sent out to shovel it off the rails. Cheyenne was reached about twenty minutes too late for the western train, and that meant a twenty-four hours' delay, as there is only one train a day, each way, in all these big stretches of road. The best was made of the job, a place to put up discovered, a sufficiently comfortable hotel; then the church was discovered in the snow, and the next morning the Fathers heard and served each others Masses. In due time the U. P. came along, was boarded, and away again to the Western West, five hundred and sixteen miles more to Ogden, the western limit of the U. P., and the eastern of the Central Pacific, or C. P., as it is called. The week at Denver was, of course, spent under the shadow almost of the Rocky Mountains, but as what they call the shadow stretches here for from twenty to twenty-five miles, while in Denver the Rockies did not impress me much more than the Catoctins would as seen from Frederick. But when you draw nearer, then you are awed indeed by the butting, towering peaks, the miles of castellated rock that look so much

like age-worn art, that one would believe himself passing whole capitals of castles and bastioned walls, such as Froissart would have loved to see. And then the hills and mounts, pile upon pile, terrace upon terrace, of the magnitude of none of which one has a true idea until he walks a few miles among them, and feels he is but an ant crawling along the mighty backbone of the two Americas. Thirty-three miles beyond Cheyenne, a station named Sherman is reached; it is the highest point of the road crossed, and is eight thousand two hundred and forty-two feet above sea level. The route was strewn at intervals, on either side, by the frozen carcasses of cattle who had perished during the severe days preceding, and a short distance from these would be seen herds, some of them numbering hundreds, browsing apparently in snow and ice, but really on the furzy, dry clumps of grass. In some regions, the ranchemen told us, they had lost as high as fifty per cent. of their cattle from the cold and starvation; and this, although the neighboring state, Nebraska, had so much corn and fodder that many of the farmers were using both for fuel.

The great events of the tourist's day appear to be his rising and retiring, the stoppage at the three meal stations, with the refreshment, good humor and little walk on the platform consequent thereupon, the daily passage of the other way bound train, a game of euchre, often a glimpse at nature in her sublimest, a cat-nap, a smoke, an orange. Missionaries now-a-days, outside of what they furnish themselves, find no more of the apostolic on their journey than St. Francis Xavier did among those of his day, who went down to the sea in ships for other than soul traffic. Generally there is a decorum that often warms into cordiality among the passengers, more particularly if these be few in numbers. The smoking compartment, containing only four, and generally fully occupied after meals, is a great place for forming acquaintances. After leaving Sherman the route lies across the Laramie Plains, a belt of grazing land, twenty-five miles wide by sixty long, where stock raising is the chief industry. It was lately computed that

about 90,000 head of cattle, 85,000 of sheep, and 3,000 horses and mules, valued at $2,250,000, could be found in a circuit of forty miles here, whereas, ten or twelve years ago, not five hundred of all together were on the same plains. On one side the scene is closed by the rugged masses of the Black Hills, rising in their grandeur. About here the snow fences and snow sheds become more numerous. The former are wooden structures of about eight feet high, built like an ordinary fence, with spaces between the boards, but the whole inclined to the road, about a hundred or two hundred feet in length, and forming in the length something like the arc of a circle. These are generally erected on the more windward side of the road, at cuts; they create an eddy, that drifts the snow about them, and leaves the road comparatively clean. The sheds are roughly constructed wooden tunnels, with openings at intervals to let in air and light, and let the smoke escape; it was said that on the trip from Cheyenne to San Francisco one hundred and ten miles of snow sheds and tunnels were passed through. Along this part of the route many Indians are met, but they appear to be of other than the fighting persuasion. At about a hundred rods from the road a few wretched wigwams are seen, with the smoke curling from the open top in regular story-book style, and when you roll up to the stations, about twenty of these children of the forest, braves, and squaws with papooses strapped on their backs, lounge about. Some of them faintly resemble our ideal, but most are a stunted, coarse-looking people, with thick, coarse, matted black hair, and in general are not unlike the Esquimaux. They are chiefly Utes, Piutes, Shoshones, Snakes and Diggers. Some of their faces are daubed over with vermilion; others prefer a chrome yellow complexion; these we often saw; we did not see, but only heard, that on St. Patrick's Day a festive Irishman in the neighborhood persuaded one of these Children of the Setting Sun to put his face for the occasion up in bright red and his nose in emerald green.

Within a day and a half Ogden was reached, and then a

transfer to the Central Pacific. The Pullman Car Company have not been able to agree to have their cars put on this road. What is called the Silver Palace Sleeping Car is substituted, the only perceptible difference between the two being a slight, unimportant modification in structure, and a different style of painting. At Ogden nearly everything is Mormon; indeed, for some hundreds of miles around, the Mormons have much property and influence. Many of them were interviewed, some of their theology evoked, and some pleasant acquaintances made. The Chinese, too, have begun to grow plenty before this; the waiters and servants at the stopping places, and the railroad hands are *Johns* very often; and what with Indians, Mormons, Chinamen, the polyglot of passengers, and the omnigenous Pat, who never failed "the Fathers," curiosity and taste for novelty were passing constantly, under very prisms of natural diversity, —gentile and saint, trapper and Indian, grazier and legislator, three card monte man and missionary. The ride of many miles on the shelving shore of Salt Lake was delightful. The skies are so clear and the stars so large up here near the home of the Saints; the lake by starlight is peculiarly lovely. But we must hurry through Utah, Nevada, through the Emigrants Gap of the Sierra Nevada, and stop only for a word about these great snowy peaks. Leaving Reno, a pretty little city in western Nevada, celebrated for its mountain trout, of which a bountiful supply was served at supper, glowing descriptions were indulged in by the old travelers of the change from winter to summer that would be experienced on waking in the morning, in the summer land of California, on the other side of the Sierras, and it was a matter of regret that the sublime scenery of these would shift by in the night. Morning came, indeed, but not yet the summer land; it was found the train had been stopped at Truckee, only thirty-five miles west of Reno, owing to a collision that had taken place the previous night. By this, the train ahead of the one bearing Ours ran into a freight car that had been left on the rail through carelessness, had slid in from a sideling by accident, or had been

run in through malice, as some of the railroad men thought. A great smash ensued, and shortly after, when the Fathers' train steamed slowly up to the spot, down in the heart of the Sierra, with miles of tunnel behind and before; on alighting there was found the wreck. It was a dismal sight and outlook; there was the huge locomotive lying across both tracks, and the gathering trains puffing and snorting; the darkness of the tunnel, the cold, the glaring engine fires, the thickening atmosphere, the shouts of the gang, the screaming of whistles, the dismayed and disappointed faces, the prospect of delay and no dinner, deep down in the bowels of the mountain,—well, it was anything but the summer land of anticipation. But the men worked well and cheerily, all kept their tempers in control and were glad it was no worse, and, after a delay of some hours, out the train shot into daylight, and in sight of the truly grand Sierra scenery. And for miles and leagues the train careened again over a terrace broad enough for track room, cut, it would seem, in the slope of the mountains, with hundreds of feet of these slanting up, so that the pines and winter trees, of eighty feet and more, at the serrated top line, that seemed to saw the sky above, looked like saplings, and the goodly stream in the valley bed, sheer below, appeared, as it was clear or otherwise, a silver or a golden thread. This repaid all previous debts of delay, and was enough to raise the soul of the prosiest, least spiritual traveler there to the Architect of such sublimity. Flying through Dutch Gap, Blue Cañon, Alta, the region of hydraulic mining, rounding Cape Horn, through Sacramento by night, by the longer route—the shorter one was nearly all flooded—a safe arrival at San Francisco, ended, by God's merciful goodness, the perilous, adventurous, fatiguing, pleasant journey of over four thousand miles.

Arrived at our truly grand Church and College of St. Ignatius, the Fathers were at home, Frs. Varsi, Kenna and the whole community seeming to make it their chief duty to do every possible kindness to the "wise men from the East," though there were only two, and not three, as had been ex-

pected. A kind reception by the Most Rev. Archbishop, a glance at China Town, a rest in the real summer land, with the music of the Pacific to lull the BOSTON PRIESTS to repose, and on Sunday morning, February 27th, began the most successful Mission ever given on the Pacific slope. It would take too long now to give anything like an adequate description of the magnificence and propriety, the grandeur and fitness of everything about the San Francisco establishment, and it is to be hoped that some capable person will soon furnish your LETTERS with the details. An entire large block in the best part of the city is already nearly filled with splendid structures; and it occurred to us that the architect must have had the inspiration of Rome in his mind and the rule book of the Society in his hand when he planned and built, or else he had a genius of a Jesuit beside him to guide his hand and thought. We give only one dimension of which we are sure: the Church is one hundred and twenty feet wide, and otherwise in proportion. The exterior, approaches, interior, altars, chapels, aisles, pews, vestibules, galleries, choretti, lateral and basement chapels are simply splendid. The altars are paneled with malachite, lapis lazuli, and many of the most costly marbles of Italia and California, blended most beautifully. The walls are covered with works of the best home and foreign artists, and we think the grand altar piece, St. Ignatius' Vision on his way to Rome, twenty-five feet by sixteen feet, almost worth the entire trip to see. But this is a story of a Mission—is it not? We shall have to put the story then in a foot note. It began, and the great edifice was thronged. There were five principal exercises daily, all well attended, even that at five in the morning; as for the evening service, from first to last, "no more standing room" was the order. And the Fathers preached and preached, and preached again. They were only two; how generously they sighed that a third were there to share in the good work! They caught the San Francisco hoarseness, that compliments visiting speakers and singers; and still they preached. And sympathetic auditors sent in gargles and troches and nos-

trums by the dozen, and the colds passed away; and they preached louder than before. And the devoted Fathers of the Church and College, seventeen in number, were in the confessionals sometimes as early as five in the morning, as late as almost twelve at night. And old miners came, and young maidens and old ones, and the rich and poor, and the six thousand who received Holy Communion on the last day alone swelled the grand aggregate to fully twenty thousand Communions, as the Mission harvest. A hundred anecdotes to interest, and conversions of poor wanderers to encourage the laborers in the vineyard and awaken the zeal of the aspirants, could be here recounted. We shall have to summarize, and say that all concerned seemed more than satisfied, trusting that God's greater glory, too, was magnified by this happy jubilee of the men that dwell by the golden gate of Pacific's summer sea. Twice during the Mission a little recess of a few hours was taken, and the city explored. One of the Fathers paid a visit to the Pacific Ocean in earnest, having been quite thoroughly, though gently washed, clothes and all, by the sudden upward sweep of the grand surf in front of the Cliff House. Here the seals were roaring as they slid off their rocks, or climbed up again like growing ivy. Accompanied by special detectives, on the other occasion, China Town was explored within and without. The Chinese shops, stores, streets, kennels of lodging houses, catacombs of filth and opium-soaked humanity, two flights down under the gutters; their restaurants, workshops, factories, their Joss houses; and part of a play, that had begun five years ago, was running twelve hours a day since, Sundays included—for here all the theatres are in full blast on Sunday—and was, as a wag remarked, approaching the conclusion of the second act.

A kindlier feeling than before was felt for the idea that gave Kearney his first prominence, and from the ample information received from the most reliable sources, it was firmly resolved and carried that *John* is an unmitigated plague on the fair face of the Pacific Slope. A tearful farewell, a flying visit to Santa Clara, San Jose, and the return trip

was begun Wednesday morning, March 16th, as full of adventure as the outward one. But these shall have to be chronicled by some future historian; as the perils encountered and adventures gone through were as many and interesting as Othello's of yore. A very *full* day was spent at Chicago, Detroit, a part of one at Niagara, the most of another between New York and Fordham, and the day after but one found the Pioneer missionary beginning another reaping of souls in one of the largest parishes in New York, his assistant safe at home in Boston, where all had been bright during his absence, except the one black cloud that passed, when the unexpected death occurred of one of the best religious and truest patriots the community could boast, Brother Edward B. O'Kelly, S. J. Perhaps the most striking feature of all the trip was the universal brotherly charity of Ours. Everywhere, always, the Fathers felt *at home*. In every house there were Woodstockians, and questions were asked and answered without number, and thanking God for His increase given and protection afforded, nearly everybody's love in the West is given to everybody in the East. J. O'C.

SKETCH OF THE NEZ PERCÉS INDIANS.

(*Concluded.*)

It has been asserted over and over again that Chief Joseph and his followers were Catholics. This is a great mistake. The report was spread by those who wished to shift the blame from themselves and throw it upon us; and their malicious statement was strengthened by a singular occurrence during the Nez Percé war. I do not vouch for its truth, but the story runs as follows: A party of those who were engaged in the hostile operations were about to massacre a prisoner. The man was not a Catholic, but he had seen Catholics bless themselves, and in this imminent danger he made the sign of the cross. The Indians were

awed by that sacred sign, which they knew and respected, and after some consultation among themselves they allowed the prisoner to depart, and he understood them to say that they gave him leave to go away unhurt, because he was a Catholic.

Now, we assert confidently, that the Catholic Indians of the Nez Percé and neigboring tribes, with a few trifling exceptions, behaved as well as any good citizens could have done. At the very beginning of the war the commander of the United States troops asked for some Indian scouts, and he obtained more than half a dozen from the Catholics. Some of these Catholic scouts had near relations in the hostile camp, notably one of them, whose step-father, mother, brothers and sisters were with the enemy. Even the missionary thought it a great imprudence to employ such men as scouts, and expressed himself freely to that effect in conversation with the military authorities. Yet they all proved faithful to their engagements. After the first battle some of these scouts were missing, and it was thought that they had fallen into the hands of the enemy. The father of one of them, who had been baptized by the priest in January, having obtained permission from the Commander and the Agent, went to inquire about his son; meantime the scouts returned by another road. Having reached Joseph's camp, he was told that his son was not there; then they insisted that he should stay and fight along with them. The poor neophyte could not resist the temptation; he allowed himself to be overcome by their arguments, and was killed in the next battle—the only Indian slain on that occasion. When his son (the scout) heard of this he joined the enemy, thus verifying the apprehensions of the missionary; but the blame must rest with those who had neglected his timely warning. Two other Nez Percé boys were prevailed upon to join the hostiles, but all the rest of the Catholics in the tribe proved faithful. The same fidelity did not characterize the Protestants, for many of them joined the parties of Joseph and White Bird.

Another example of the Catholic Indians' loyalty to the

government during the war can be instanced here. When the hostile bands, pursued by the troops, had escaped to Montana, and were crossing the Bitter Root Valley, some of the Nez Percé chiefs paid a visit to Charlot, Chief of the Flat Heads, and wished to shake hands with him. He refused, saying: "My hand is clean, and I cannot clasp hands stained with the blood of the whites; we have always been friends, but we cannot be such under the present circumstances." And yet, naturally speaking, the Flat Heads had far more provocation to go to war than the Nez Percés.

The most noble example of fidelity to the government was given by the Cœurs d'Alène Indians. When the followers of Hush-hush-keiat, belonging to the Lower Nez Percé band, were informed that the bands of Joseph and White Bird had declared the war at Camas Prairie, they wished to begin hostilities in their own country, so as to fight the whites from both sides. But as the whites were too numerous, they tried to secure the Cœur d'Alène and Spokane Indians as allies. In furtherance of this object, two of their warriors killed an old inoffensive white man on Pine Creek, Cœur d'Alène county, and brought his horse to the Cœur d'Alène Mission (June 23rd), hoping to embroil the whites with these Indians. As soon as Soltis, the Cœur d'Alène chief, heard of this awful crime, he sent a message to the authorities, to acquaint them with the facts, and assured them that his people not only had no share in this act, but that they could be depended on in any emergency to defend and assist their white neighbors. In accordance with these promises, they helped in every way the whites, who were panic struck after the war broke out, and it was the universal verdict that no white men could have done better. The loyal attitude of the Catholic Indians forced the Nez Percés to quit Pine Creek, and to evacuate the whole of the Palouse country under cover of darkness; they joined Joseph, but the Palouse and Spokane countries were spared the horrors of Indian war. In fact, we may assert without exaggeration that were it not for the Catholic Indian Missions, the Nez Percé war of 1877

would have become general, involving all the Indian tribes of the North West, the white population of this section would have been exterminated, and it would have cost the government millions of money and thousands of lives. We have positive knowledge that nearly all the Protestant Indians, Spokanes, Shaozileni and the Columbia Tribes, were inclined to war, and secretly endeavored to secure the co-operation of the Catholic Indians; but, failing in this, they resolved to keep quiet.

And what was their recompense? Annoying and petty persecution of the Catholic missionaries and Indians. The warriors who were made prisoners after Clear Water, when they had been taken under the protection of the Protestant preacher, and *sanctified* by him, were set at liberty; but when some other warriors, who wished to surrender had gone to the priest for assistance, and were by him brought before the military authorities at Fort Lapwai, they were encouraged to hope for clemency, but ultimately they were sent as prisoners along with Joseph to the Indian Territory. The Catholic Nez Percés, who had remained constantly faithful, and who were very numerous, could never obtain aid from the government to build a school for their children; on the other hand, Spokane Jerry, who made no secret of his hostility, who had even expressed his opposition in a public council, has a separate school, maintained at government expense, for his few Protestant children, on a Catholic Reservation. For Joseph and his people who engaged in the war, an annual appropriation of more than $20,000 is made; but Seltis and his people, who prevented the war, cannot obtain a small portion of the $200,000 due them for the cession of their lands to the United States. When the managers of Forest Grove Indian School, a Protestant institution, made a pilgrimage to a far-off district, and picked up children from a tribe under the management of a Catholic Agent, without so much as saying by your leave, they were highly praised and amply rewarded by the government official; but when a Catholic priest accepted a few children who were offered to him for the Catholic school

by their parents, the officials, instead of praise, had nothing but blame, insults and threats for such conduct, and finally ordered the children to be taken to the Protestant Agent. Chief Joseph and his people have been *blessed* with the unwelcome presence of two Protestant Indians, who are preachers, and who have scared some of these poor souls into Protestantism; but those of his people who truly and earnestly desire a Catholic priest, have not been able to obtain one, and, in all likelihood, never will. Even the poor prisoners, who surrendered themselves in the priest's presence at Fort Lapwai, and had already made up their minds to become Catholics, having begged for Baptism several times, are now so completely terrorized that they dare not open their mind to anybody, and were almost afraid to speak to Father Ponziglione, who paid them a flying visit some time ago, as narrated in a recent number of the LETTERS.

The Fathers of the Rocky Mountains have offered their services to labor among the Nez Percés removed to the Indian Territory, but the Ecclesiastical authorities have in their prudence declined to accept the offer, at least for the present. A good half-breed, baptized by Father De Smet, and educated at one of our Missions of the Missouri Province, has been living for several years in the Indian Territory. This worthy man, in ignorance of the difficulties thrown in the way of Ecclesiastical Authority, wrote to a friend in Montana: "If the Catholic Church had done, or would do, what the Protestants are doing for the different tribes of Indians here, these Indians would all become Catholic, and be happy." What wonder that this good, simple man should speak so, when a clergyman of high standing, and who knew of what he spoke, did not hesitate to say: "The Catholic Church in America has to render a great account to God and to man, for her neglect of these Indians."

Let us conclude this sketch with an anecdote of what happened a few years ago at Lapwai, in the Protestant mission. Old Mr. Spaulding, a preacher, seeing that the Nez Percés were rapidly becoming Catholics, and that even some of his Presbyterians were leaving him for the true

fold, employed all his cunning, and he had a great deal of it, to prevent such a misfortune. But all his efforts were in vain; the more he labored, the more would the Nez Percés go to the Catholic Church. Finally, he cast aside all moderation, and began a course of Sunday sermons, which were simply terrible invectives against our Holy Religion. Benedict Aw-lish-Wampu, an excellent Catholic, and very witty withal, could not believe the reports that were spread on the subject; but as he heard them repeated Sunday after Sunday by his Protestant friends, he at last determined to go in person and find out whether what was said concerning the language of his old friend was not exaggerated. He went accordingly, and to his utter amazement heard Mr. Spaulding say: "Yes, my children, the priest will go to hell and burn forever, and all his followers will go there, too, and burn with him; so you must no more go to the Catholic Church."

Aw-lish-wampu thought that this was strong language, exceeding even what he had heard reported by others. He felt prompted to stand up and inquire, as they sometimes do in that church, if his old friend had forgotten his own words, in which he (Spaulding) had several times admitted to him that the Catholic Church was good—almost as good as the Presbyterian! After a little reflection, he resolved to keep his seat. When the services were ended he went to Mr. Spaulding's house; he did not enter it, as had been his custom, but kept walking up and down in front of it. By and by, the preacher came out and offered his hand. "No! Mr. Spaulding," says Aw-lish-wampu; "you know that I am truly your friend; therefore, I cannot shake hands with you. Do you remember that some years ago myself and my brother saved your life when the Presbyterian Indians wanted to kill you?" Mr. Spaulding said that for that very reason they should shake hands. "No, my friend," said the old Indian; "as I saved you once, so too do I wish to save you now. If I take your hand, surely I will burn it with mine. I am a follower of the Priest, and as such, you said in the church, I shall burn with the Priest, and I do not like that you should burn with me."

Having said this, he went his way. But the Indian's story has a sequel. He declares that when Spaulding was about to die he complained of excessive heat, and repeated several times: "*I'm burning! I'm burning!*" When the Presbyterian attendants related this circumstance to Awlish-wampu, he dryly remarked that perhaps this burning was the effect of his burning sermons against the Catholic Church.

SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN.

Extract of a Letter from Fr. R. Chartier.

SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.,
April 11, 1881.

* * * * * The Sault has increased since you visited it. The population of the town is now two thousand, of whom more than fourteen hundred are Catholics, so far as the name is concerned; for many neglect their religious duties, although nearly all give us some satisfaction.

The neighboring country is rapidly filling up, but most of the settlers are Protestants and Orangemen of the blackest dye. I am told that some of them are runaway convicts from Canada. The few Catholics, on the other hand, among the new settlers, are the best class of Irishmen. I go to say Mass at their houses, in different places, twelve, fourteen and sixteen miles from here. It does me good to leave occasionally the tainted moral atmosphere of this town, and breathe the perfume of virtue among these virtuous people.

There is talk of building a branch railroad, starting from here, and going across the country to form a junction with the Marquette and Point St. Ignace R. R. This branch is intended to connect with the Canadian Pacific by a bridge over the rapids, probably, if ever the Canadian railroad reach the Sault. If this expectation be verified, this will become a very important place. About two hundred men

have been employed during the winter at work upon the enlargement of the ship canal. Many accidents have happened during the progress of the work; one man was killed, and several have had their legs broken and feet crushed. It will be ready for the opening of navigation about the middle of May.

As you may see by the Catalogue, I am still the only priest here. Father Chambon is expected here in the spring; he will have charge of the various stations, some eight or ten in number, depending on the Sault, in which there is a scattered Catholic population of more than five hundred. The improvement of this place is not confined to the material order; there has been very consoling progress in religious observances. In 1877–8, nine hundred confessions were heard; the next year, more than eighteen hundred; last year, over two thousand. Some spiritual exercises resembling a Retreat were given them in December, 1878; during the eight days of their continuance the church was not large enough to hold the eager crowds who flocked to the evening service. Many long, general confessions were heard during that time; and the mustard seed then planted has been growing ever since. I can count more than four hundred long, general confessions since September, 1878. Two men lately, who had obstinately resisted the grace of God for years, were brought to make their First Communion; one of them is forty and the other forty-eight years of age.

Marriages have been reconciled; illicit connexions dissolved or made valid. Some good has been accomplished since my arrival, but much remains to be done among the ignorant, indifferent and bad Catholics who abound here. Five Protestants have been received into the Church. Two men have lately been cured by the use of some cement from Knock. We have about one hundred and forty children in our parochial school, with three Sisters as teachers. A select school has been begun, which promises to be successful.

R. CHARTIER.